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STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

No V.

MRS. BOOTH.

IT is with reluctance that I consent to the publication of this sketch; but I believe that by so doing I may help forward the movement so dear to my beloved wife, and further the cause for which she laboured so strenuously in her lifetime. It is well that the world should know what manner of woman has been taken from our midst. So I will speak plainly. To none in her lifetime, except those with whom she was brought most closely in contact, was her real nature ever known. This was not because her character was obscure, but because it was given to few to fathom the breadth of her mind, though all could appreciate the tenderness of her heart and the purity of her soul. When I was a young man I had determined that the woman who should become my wife must be an earnest soul-loving, soul-saving spirit, and one who could be to me an intellectual and refreshing companion. In these boyish musings how little I thought that my dream would be so richly fulfilled! Not only through thirty-five years of married life was my wife a comforter in every hour of sorrow—and many were the bitter moments which her companionship helped to sweeten—but a counsellor and guide in times of difficulty and doubt such as few men have been blessed with. To repeat the words which I have used on a previous occasion, her wisdom has seldom or never failed me; she has been to me a strength and an inspiration. From the first, if my spirit flagged, she was ever at hand to whisper words of courage in my ear.

Not long after I was married, a great crisis came in my life. The Conference refused to allow me to take up the evangelistic work for which I felt I was most fitted. To sever my connection with that body meant breaking every tie we held most dear, cutting ourselves off from all our friends, and casting ourselves adrift upon the world. Many women would have shrunk from such a step, but my wife, instead of trying to keep me back, urged me on the path which I felt was marked out for me, with all the fervour of her dauntless spirit. But just as her counsels were strong, so were her actions full of fire and energy. During the two years we subsequently spent in Cornwall and, afterwards, when we commenced our campaign in the East End, preaching in tents and in music-halls, in barns and in tap-rooms, my wife was ever in the front of the battle. And this, too, in spite of her delicate health; for ever since her eighteenth year, when she was confined to her room for two years by serious illness, she was an almost constant sufferer. Often after speaking with resistless eloquence for an hour she has been obliged to rest for another hour before she could leave the building, so greatly was her strength overtaxed. Yet she never flagged. It seemed as though her moral strength became firmer in proportion as the bodily frame grew weaker. The scabbard was frail, but it contained a blade of matchless temper.

But, as is so often the case, this courage and high spirit were allied with a deeply loving, tender nature. Her heart was drawn to everything that was weak or suffering. Once, when she was a little child, she saw a prisoner being taken through the streets. A rough crowd pressed him in on all sides, mocking his misfortune and jeering at his trouble. For a moment she stood motionless. Then the tears welled up in her eyes, and, breaking away from the person who was with her, she made her way through the throng and placed herself by the prisoner's side. "He seemed so lonely and there was no one to comfort him," was the explanation she gave afterwards. This has always seemed to me a touching instance of the tenderness of my wife's heart, and a strange foreshadowing of the path she was afterwards to pursue; for it was among the destitute and friendless population that her work in after life was destined to bring forth such glorious fruit.

Towards children she not only showed the tenderest love and devotion, but she dealt with them after a way of her own, which never failed to bring the most refractory to order. Her golden rule was always to make a child understand her, if possible, before inflicting punishment, and never to touch the body of the culprit before the mind was reached. A recollection here rises to my memory of a scene between my wife and one of our children. Some childish fault had been committed which had to be corrected. Quietly my wife took the little culprit and pointed out the error. At first sullen silence prevailed, but soon a flood of tears followed, and it was only then that my wife administered the whipping that was due. Afterwards she said to me, "It is no good correcting the body until you have reached the mind." Her influence with children was remarkable, and she could reduce the most unruly to subjection. This power was partly due to the quiet determination she always maintained, but still more to the fact that she always treated children as intelligent human beings; she preferred to appeal to their intelligence rather than ride roughshod over them, and never exacted a blind unreasoning obedience. Her tenderness for children was almost equalled by her kindly feeling for animals. If she saw an animal badly treated it would rouse a storm of indignation within her, which would find vent in stern rebuke; and I remember on one occasion, when she passed a man who was brutally beating his horse, that she jumped from the carriage at the risk of her life and rescued the poor brute from its tormentor.

I have alluded in the first place to this genuine softness of heart, but a still more remarkable trait in her character was the masculine breadth and vigour of her understanding. No matter how difficult the problem, if she once gave her mind to it she never quitted the subject until it was thoroughly mastered. It was examined in all directions, turned upside down, round about, and completely overhauled. Only after this exhaustive process did she form an opinion, but, once formed, it was no longer an opinion, but a conviction. She treated in this fashion most of the social and political questions which are now disturbing society, and the conclusions at which she arrived were as enlightened as they were decided. This vivid interest in outside subjects had an

important influence on the development of our movement, to which I will presently refer.

It is almost superfluous to speak of her power as a preacher. She could hold audiences spell-bound for an hour at a time by the great gift of speech with which God had endowed her. And her power was as great with the educated people in the West End as it was among the poverty-stricken poor of Whitechapel. Whence was this faculty derived? Although few could appeal with more success when necessary to the emotional side of her audience, she did not often make use of this lever, neither did she trust to persuasion or entreaty; it was by the hard, strong logic of her reason that she held her hearers and compelled them to listen to her. This great intellectual force, united to intense conviction, and warmed into a glowing heat by her passionate pity and love for the fallen, gave her preaching a power that seemed to magnetise her audience. Breadth and liberality were the fundamental qualities of this truly great woman's character. It was no narrow doctrine that she preached. She did not believe in the gospel of exclusion. Utterly depraved and wretched as she regarded the human heart without the regenerating power of the grace of God she could not conceive a Deity with less broad views than her own, and had implicit confidence that the scheme of Atonement included the whole world. A profound admirer of intellect, and an ardent believer in the regenerating influence of education, she laughed to scorn the notion that the schoolmaster alone could reform mankind. As she said in her own impressive language: "Do you say, 'But we are educating the masses'? I answer, 'It is vain to expect the needed moral reform from the schoolmaster. The more educated, the more dangerous, unless you also make them good.' Alas! we have abundant proof of this to-day. No; you cannot reform man morally by his intellect; this is the mistake of most social reformers. You must reform man by his *soul!* It is the moral faculties to which you must appeal. You may give ideas, but unless you can also give *inspiration* they will be of little avail."

I have spoken elsewhere of the divine tenderness of this woman, but this side of her nature was balanced by the keenest hatred of immorality and deceit. Shams of all descriptions she abominated

No words are strong enough to depict the intense loathing with which she regarded all that was unreal and untrue. She did not believe in half measures, and the language she employed on the platform to castigate these vices was cutting enough to flay the moral skins of those among her hearers who were conscious of their guilt. At St. James's Hall, when strings of carriages waited outside to take away their fashionable owners, she would hold up to scorn the religion that professed righteousness and would yet keep servants employed on Sunday in "preparing elaborate meals or turning out a luxurious equipage." She once said that "Christ's compassion is distinguished from all other compassion by its *plain cutting, personal dealing*. . . . It was not of the maudlin kind which leaves men their 'little indulgencies' and shrinks from being 'too hard' on them." And in a memorable passage she says, "Charity is not only consistent with, but it very often necessitates, reproof and rebuke by its possessor." It is from such passages as these that we can discern how it came about that so gentle a nature could be so stern in reproof.

I have heard it frequently remarked: "How can a woman of Mrs. Booth's culture and refinement lend herself to the noisy ways of the Salvation Army?" I cannot do better than reply to this criticism in her own words:—

"You will see from what I have said that we believe ourselves to be carrying out the very highest principles of moral and social reform, and that we are not blind fanatics, raising a smoke without much fire. You object to the noise and *éclat* connected with our measures; but if you will look into the subject, you will see that these are indispensable, because we seek those who cannot be reached without. I deplore their condition as much as you do, but *there it is*, and if you are to reach them, you must adapt your modes of thought, expression, and action to them. It is demonstrated by sad and awful experience that they will have nothing to do with your quiet and genteel methods. Bishops, clergy, ministers, philanthropists are forced to confess themselves powerless to reach them; then common-sense and Christian charity alike say, Send them such instrumentalities as they *will and can* appreciate. Stoop as low as you lawfully can to pick them up, rather than let them wax worse and worse while you are standing on your dignity. Self-preservation urges the same argument; for not only your own dignity but your peace, your property, your families, your national privileges, and maybe your very lives are involved in this question of saving the masses!"

The same practical spirit which pervades these remarks made itself apparent in all her utterances, and often guided us when we as yet saw but dimly. And this brings me to the share which my wife bore in the great social scheme of reform, which no effort on my part will be spared to carry through. When we first commenced our work in the East End our main thought was, How can we save these lost souls? We would gaze around at the squalor, the misery, the filth, and poverty in which these poor creatures lived, and our hearts would ache for them. At times we have felt as if we should go mad at the wretched existence—a veritable hell upon earth—to which these men and women are doomed—one long round of toil and hunger, only relieved by an occasional drunken debauch. To witness such grimy, sodden, hopeless wretchedness day after day is, I say, enough to drive a man into a mad-house. We have consoled ourselves by saying: "After all, it is only for a moment—for a brief hour. What is life here but a moment, the twinkling of an eye compared with eternity?" And we have found comfort of a sort in the reflection. But then, how if the conditions of existence of that moment involve the loss of all in eternity? What if the veritable hell on earth, in which these sinking classes are admittedly going down, itself makes hell to them for ever inevitable? Out of five men on the top storey of a burning building, two will have the nerve to accept the calls of the crowd below to leap into the sheets held out for their rescue, and will be saved. The three will lack the power to decide till the moment has passed, and the flames will destroy them. If they are to be rescued you must provide a ladder. So here the frightful surroundings of these people, their training, their vices, their companionships, the very atmosphere they live in, unfit them to take the one step to the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, which would lead to their salvation. We want to help them to take that step—to provide a ladder. That is my scheme. To my wife all this has been marvellously clear, and we have moved forward together towards the development of the principle of helping the poor by the poor, which has just been put before the world.

I have left all theories and speculations to those who have time for them. I have not. Therefore I have devoted my whole energies to

preparing a scheme which I know to be practical. I am only now proposing on a large scale a plan which has worked with success on a smaller scale. When Watt had found the model for his tiny engine, the express train was only a question of time. So it is with my proposal. The essential parts of the machine have worked in the model—and a model, remember, on a very large scale—with a smoothness and absence of friction that are truly marvellous. The express engine only now requires to be built, and then the train will be in readiness which will draw the "submerged tenth" of our land from the fœtid, fever-stricken swamp in which they are doomed to pass their lives. My wife has not lived to see this deliverance, but she has helped it forward by her death, even as she did in her life.

Three important features, indeed, in this scheme especially interested her, and commanded her deepest sympathy above all the others, and she has worked for them for years with untiring energy. I allude to the "Slum work," the "Prison-gate work," and the "Rescue work." These are the pilot engines, as it were, of the plan, and it is in part owing to the success which has crowned our efforts in these directions that we are able to look forward with so much confidence to the development of the idea. To take a small instance. During the last year fourteen hundred women were rescued from the streets, and out of these respectable, honest employment was provided for over one thousand. Experience and averages carefully calculated over several years have proved to us that only thirty-five per cent. of those who are rescued return to their former mode of life. Sixty-five per cent. saved! That is surely an end worth struggling for! And how is it reached? For in the answer to that question lies the key to the probable success of the large experiment. It is reached by two paths. In the first place, we do not treat the thief and the prostitute when we do secure them as if they were pariahs belonging to another caste received only on sufferance, but as fellow human beings. We do not feel ourselves above them either morally or socially, and so they do not flee back to their former life as a welcome change from an atmosphere of contempt and restraint. Then, again, our organisation is now so complete that we are able to stretch out our arms in all directions

with absolute knowledge. Like all large machines, the Salvation Army has gradually developed, and each new addition has been welded firmly on to the part where it was required. Hence a perfect organisation is waiting for the work which, of all others, requires perfect machinery.

But perhaps it will be in the inner councils of the Army that I shall miss my wife most. To every delicate and difficult question she brought not merely a wide experience, but splendid insight, wonderful discernment of character, and unflinching courage. Up to the last months of her illness, and in the midst of intense suffering, she was still able and anxious to discuss with us and develop any new proposal for the advance of our work and the blessing, by any means, of suffering humanity. In the work of organisation my wife did not concern herself, but she was most keenly alive to the paramount importance of cultivating that feeling of good fellowship and friendship with the "pariahs" of society without which, as I have said, it is hopeless to try to tempt them within the fold. In her lifetime she never wearied in emphasising the deep importance she attached to the idea of treating the Army and its recruits from the outcast population as members of one family; and on her death, in a spontaneous outburst of love and veneration, she was acclaimed by the title of "Mother of the Army." The breath had hardly left her body when my son Bramwell Booth met with an unexpected instance of the love and respect with which his mother was regarded. He had returned hurriedly to London to make arrangements for the funeral, and was walking in the dusk of the evening from the station. Two women of the street were standing on the pavement as he passed. One made some taunting remark, when her companion stopped her, saying, "Hush! hush! Jenny, don't you know Mrs. Booth is dead?" Many tributes have been paid to the memory of my wife since her death, but I do not know that I value any one more than that; and I do not value it the less on account of the source whence it came.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

ART NOTES IN NORTH ITALY.

TITIAN, as we see him in what some have thought his noblest work, the large altar-piece, dated 1522, his forty-fifth year, of SS. Nazaro e Celso, at Brescia, is certainly a religious—a great, religious painter. The famous Gabriel of the Annunciation, aflight, in all the effortless energy of an angel in deed, and Sebastian, adapted, it was said, from an ancient statue but as novel in design as if Titian had been the first to handle that so familiar figure in old religious art—may represent for us a vast and varied amount of sacred work—in which he expands to their utmost artistic compass the earlier religious dreams of Mantegna and the Bellini, affording sufficient proof of the way in which great religious themes could rouse his imagination and all his manual skill to heroic effects. But he is also the painter of the *Venus of the Tribune* and the *Triumph of Bacchus;* and such frank acceptance of the voluptuous paganism of the Renaissance, the motive of a large proportion of his work, may make us think that religion, grandly dramatic as was his conception of it, can have been for him only one of many pictorial attitudes. There are, however, painters of that date who, while their work is great enough to be connected, though quite groundlessly, with Titian's personal influence, or directly attributed to his hand, possess this at least psychological interest, that about their religiousness there can be no question. Their work is to be looked for mainly in and about the twin sub-alpine towns of Brescia and Bergamo; in the former of which it becomes definable as a *school*—the school of Moretto, in whom the perfected art of the later Renaissance is to be seen in union with a catholicism as convinced, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, as that of Giotto or Angelico.

Moretto of Brescia, for instance, is perhaps the only painter who has had full intelligence of the artistic opportunities of the subject of Saint Paul, for whom, for the most part, art has found only the conventional trappings of a Roman soldier (a soldier, as being in charge of those prisoners to Damascus) or a somewhat unheroic or even mean old age. Moretto also makes him a nobly accoutred soldier —the rim of the helmet, thrown backward in his fall to the earth, rings the head already with a faint circle of glory—but a soldier still in possession of all those resources of unspoiled youth he is ready to offer in a moment to the truth which has just dawned visibly upon him. The terrified horse, very grandly designed, leaps high against the suddenly darkened sky above the distant horizon of Damascus, and (though with all Moretto's peculiar understanding of the power of black and white) might be Titian's. But what signs the picture inalienably as Moretto's own is the thought of the saint himself, at the moment of his recovery from the stroke of Heaven. The pure, pale, beardless face, in noble profile, might have had for its immediate model some military monk of a later age, but breathes all the joy and confidence of the Apostle who knows in a single flash of time that he has found the veritable captain of his soul. It is, in deed, the Paul whose genius of conviction has so greatly moved the minds of men, of which even those glorious Epistles are but the reflection—the soldier who, bringing his prisoners "bound to Damascus," is become the soldier of Jesus Christ.

Moretto's picture has found its place in a dark recess, alas! of the Church of *Santa Maria presso San Celso*, in the suburbs of Milan, hard by the site of the old Roman cemetery, where Ambrose, at a moment when in one of his many conflicts a "sign" was needed, found the bodies of Nazarus and Celsus, youthful patrician martyrs in the reign of Nero, overflowing now with miraculous powers, their blood still fresh upon them—*conspersa recenti sanguine.* The body of Saint Nazarus he removed into the city: that of Saint Celsus remained within the little sanctuary which still bears his name, and beside which, in the fifteenth century, arose the glorious Church of the Madonna, with spacious *atrium* after the Ambrosian manner, a façade richly sculptured in the style of the Renaissance, and sumptuously adorned within. Behind the massive silver tabernacle of the

altar of the miraculous picture which gave its origin to this splendid building, the rare visitor, peeping as into some sacred bird-nest, detects one of the loveliest works of Luini, a small, but exquisitely finished "Holy Family." Among the fine pictures around are works by two other very notable religious painters of the *cinque-cento*. Both alike, Ferrari and Borgognone, may seem to have introduced into fiery Italian latitudes a certain northern temperature, and somewhat twilight, French, or Flemish, or German, thoughts. Ferrari, coming from the neighbourhood of Varallo, after work at Vercelli and Novara, returns thither to labour, as both sculptor and painter, in the "stations" of the *Sacro Monte*, at a form of religious art which would seem to have some natural kinship with the temper of a mountain people. It is as if the living actors in the "Passion Play" of Oberammergau had been transformed into almost illusive groups in painted *terra-cotta*. The scenes of the Last Supper, of the Martyrdom of the Innocents, of the Raising of Jairus' daughter, for instance, are certainly touching in the naïve piety of their life-sized realism. But, besides Tabachetti, Gaudenzio Ferrari had many helpmates at the *Sacro Monte;* and his lovelier work is in the Franciscan Church at the foot of the hill, and in those two truly Italian far-off towns of the Lombard plain. Even in his great, many-storied fresco in the Franciscan Church at Varallo there are traces of a somewhat barbaric hankering after solid form; the armour of the Roman soldiers, for example, is raised and gilt. It is as if this serious soul, going back to his mountain home, had lapsed again into mountain "grotesque," with touches also, in truth, of a peculiarly northern poetry—a mystic poetry, which now and again, in his treatment, for instance, of angel forms and faces, reminds one of Blake. There is something of it certainly in the little white spectral soul of the penitent thief making its escape from the dishonoured body along the beam of his cross.

The contrast is a vigorous one when, in the space of a few hours, the traveller finds himself at Vercelli, half-stifled in its thick pressing crop of pumpkins and mulberry trees. The expression of the prophet occurs to him: "A lodge in a garden of cucumbers." Of cucumbers and half-tropical flowers—the garden has invaded the quiet open spaces of the town. Search through them, through the

almost cloistral streets, for the Church of the Umiliati ; and there, amid the soft garden-shadows of the choir, you may find the sentiment of the neighbourhood expressed with great refinement in what is perhaps the masterpiece of Ferrari—"Our Lady of the Fruit Garden," we might say—attended by twelve life-sized saints and the monkish donors of the picture ; the remarkable proportions of the tall panel, up which the green-stuff is climbing thickly above the mitres and sacred garniture of those sacred personages, lending themselves to the gigantic stature of Saint Christopher in the foreground as the patron saint of the church. With the savour of this picture in his memory, the visitor will look eagerly in some half-dozen neighbouring churches and deserted conventual places for certain other works from Ferrari's hand ; and so, leaving the place under the influence of his delicate religio us ideal, may seem to have been listening to much exquisite church-music there, violins and the like, on that perfectly silent afternoon,—such music as he may still really hear on Sundays at the neighbouring town of Novara, famed for it from of old. Here, again, the art of Gaudenzio Ferrari reigns. Gaudenzio—it is the name of the saintly prelate on whom his pencil was many times employed, First Bishop of Novara, and patron of the magnificent basilica hard by which still covers his body, and whose earthly presence in cope and mitre he has commemorated in the altar-piece of the " Marriage of St. Catherine," with its refined richness of colour —like nothing else around it in the vast *duomo* of old Roman architecture, now heavily masked in splendid stucco—like a bank of real flowers blooming there. The solemn mountains, under the closer shadow of which his genius put on a northern hue, are far away, telling at Novara only as the grandly theatrical background to an entirely lowland life. And here, as at Vercelli so at Novara, Ferrari is not less graciously Italian than Luini himself.

If the name of Luini's master, Borgognone, thirty years earlier than Ferrari, is no proof of northern extraction, a northern temper is nevertheless a marked element of his genius—something of the *patience*, especially, of the masters of Dijon or Bruges, nowhere more clearly than in the two groups of male and female heads in the National Gallery, family groups, painted in the attitude of worship, with a lowly religious sincerity which may remind us of the con-

temporary work of M. Legros. Like those northern masters, he accepts piously, but can refine, what "has no comeliness"; and yet perhaps no painter has so adequately presented that purely personal beauty (for which, indeed, even profane painters for the most part have seemed to care very little) as Borgognone in the two deacons, Stephen and Laurence, who, in one of the altar-pieces of the Certosa, assist at the throne of Syrus, ancient, sainted, First Bishop of Pavia—stately youths in quite imperial dalmatics of black and gold. An indefatigable worker at many forms of religious art, here and elsewhere, assisting at last in the carving and inlaying of the rich marble façade of the Certosa, the rich carved and inlaid woodwork of Santa Maria at Bergamo, he is seen perhaps at his best, certainly in his most significantly religious mood, in the Church of the *Incoronata* at Lodi, especially in one picture there, the "Presentation of Christ in the Temple." The experienced visitor knows what to expect in the sacristies of the great Italian churches; the smaller, choicer works of Luini, say, of Della Robbia or Mino of Fiesole, the superb ambries and drawers and presses of old oak or cedar, the still untouched morsel of fresco—like sacred priestly thoughts visibly lingering there in the half light. Well! the little octagonal Church of the *Incoronata* is like one of these sacristies. The work of Bramante—you see it, as it is so rarely one's luck to do, with its furniture and internal decoration complete and unchanged, the coloured pavement, the colouring which covers the walls, the elegant little organ of Domenico da Lucca (1507), the altar-screens with their dainty rows of brass cherubs. In Borgognone's picture of the "Presentation," there it is, essentially as we see it to-day. The ceremony, invested with all the sentiment of a Christian sacrament, takes place in this very church, this "Temple" of the *Incoronata* where you are standing, reflected there on the dimly glorious wall, as in a mirror. Borgognone has but inscribed in long legend, letter by letter, on the *gascia* below the cupola, the Song of Simeon.

The *Incoronata*, however, is, after all, the monument less of Ambrogio Borgognone than of the gifted Piazza family:—Callisto, himself born at Lodi, his father, his uncle, his brothers, his son Fulvio, working there in three generations, under marked religious influence, and with so much power and grace that, quite gratuitously, portions

of their work have been attributed to the master-hand of Titian, in some imaginary visit here to these painters, who were in truth the disciples of another—Romanino of Brescia. At Lodi, Scipione's lustre is lost in that of Callisto, his elder brother; but he might worthily be included in a list of painters memorable for a single picture, such pictures as the solemn Madonna of Pierino del Vaga, in the *Duomo* of Pisa, or the Holy Family of Pellegrino Piola, in the Goldsmiths' Street at Genoa. A single picture, a single figure in a picture, signed and dated, over the altar of Saint Clement, in the Church of San Spirito, at Bergamo, might preserve the fame of Scipione Piazza, who did not live to be old. The figure is that of the youthful Clement of Rome himself, "who had seen the blessed Apostles," writing at the dictation of Saint Paul. For a moment he looks away from the letters of the book with all the wistful intelligence of a boy softly touched already by the radiancy of the celestial Wisdom. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness!" That is the lesson this winsome, docile, spotless creature—*ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris*—younger brother or cousin of Borgognone's noble deacons at the Certosa—seems put there to teach us. And in this church, indeed, as it happens, Scipione's work is side by side with his.

It is here, in fact, at Bergamo and at Brescia, that the late survival of a really convinced religious spirit becomes a striking fact in the history of Italian art. Vercelli and Novara, though famous for their mountain neighbourhood, enjoy but a distant and occasional view of Monte Rosa and its companions; and even then those awful stairways to tracts of airy sunlight may seem hardly real. But the beauty of the twin sub-alpine towns further eastward is shaped by the circumstance that mountain and plain meet almost in their streets, very effectively for all purposes of the picturesque. Brescia, immediately below the "Falcon of Lombardy," (so they called its masterful fortress on the last ledge of the Pie di Monte,) to which you may now ascend by gentle turfed paths, to watch the purple mystery of evening increase gradually from the great plain up the mountain-walls close at hand, is as level as a church pavement, home-like, with a kind of easy walking from point to point about it, rare in Italian towns—a town full of walled gardens, giving even its smaller habitations the retirement of their more

sumptuous neighbours, and a certain English air. You may peep into them, pacing its broad streets, from the blaze of which you are glad to escape into the dim and sometimes gloomy churches, the twilight sacristies, rich with carved and coloured woodwork. The art of Romanino still lights up one of the darkest of them with the altar-piece which is perhaps his most expressive and noblest work. The veritable blue sky itself seems to be breaking into the dark-cornered, low-vaulted, Gothic church of the Barefoot Brethren, around the Virgin and Child, the bowed, adoring figures of Bonaventura, Saint Francis, Saint Antony, the youthful majesty of Saint Louis, to keep for ever in memory not the King of France however, in spite of the *fleurs-de-lys* on his cope of azure, but Louis, Bishop of Toulouse. A Rubens in Italy! you may think, if you care to rove from the delightful fact before you after vague supposititious alliances—something between Titian and Rubens! Certainly, Romanino's bold, contrasted colouring anticipates something of the northern freshness of Rubens; but while the peculiarity of the work of Rubens is a sense of momentary transition, as if the colours were even now melting in it, Romanino's canvas bears rather the steady glory of broad Italian noonday; while he is distinguished also for a remarkable *clearness* of design, which has perhaps something to do, is certainly congruous with, a marked religious sentiment, like that of Angelico or Perugino, lingering still in the soul of this Brescian painter towards the middle of the sixteenth century.

Romanino and Moretto, the two great masters of Brescia in successive generations, both alike inspired above all else by the majesty, the majestic beauty, of religion—its persons, its events, every circumstance that belongs to it—are to be seen in friendly rivalry, though with ten years' difference of age between them, in the Church of San Giovanni Evangelista; Romanino approaching there, as near as he might, in a certain candle-lighted scene, to that harmony in black, white, and grey preferred by the younger painter. Before this or that example of Moretto's work, in that admirably-composed picture of Saint Paul's Conversion, for instance, you might think of him as but a very noble designer in *grisaille*. A more detailed study would convince you that, whatever its component elements,

there is a very complex tone which almost exclusively belongs to him; the "Saint Ursula," finally, that he is a great, though very peculiar colourist—a lord of colour who, while he knows the colour resources that may lie even in black and white, has really included every delicate hue whatever, in that faded "silver grey" which yet lingers in one's memory as their final effect. For some admirers indeed he is definable as a kind of really sanctified Titian. It must be admitted, however, that whereas Titian sometimes lost a little of himself in the greatness of his designs, or committed their execution, in part, to others, Moretto, in his work, is always all *there*—thorough, steady, even, in his workmanship. That, again, was a result of his late-surviving religious conscience. And here, as in other instances, the supposed influence of the greater master is but a supposition. As a matter of fact, at least in his earlier life, Moretto made no visit to Venice: developed his genius at home, under such conditions for development as were afforded by the example of the earlier masters of Brescia itself: left his work there abundantly, and almost there alone, as the thoroughly representative product of a charming place. In the little Church of San Clemente he is still "at home" to his lovers; an intimately religious artist, full of cheerfulness, of joy. Upon the airy galleries of his great altar-piece, the angels dance against the sky above the Mother and the Child; Saint Clement, patron of the church, attendant in pontifical white, with Dominic, Catherine, the Magdalen, good, big-faced Saint Florian in complete armour, benign and strong. He knows many a saint not in the Roman breviary. Was there a single sweet-sounding name without its martyr patron? Lucia, Agnes, Agatha, Barbara, Cecilia—holy women, dignified, high-bred, intelligent—have an altar of their own; and here, as in that festal high altar-piece, the spectator may note yet another artistic alliance, something of the pale effulgence of Correggio—an approach, at least, to that peculiar treatment of light and shade, a pre-occupation with certain tricks therein of nature itself, by which Correggio touches Rembrandt on the one hand, Da Vinci on the other. Here, in Moretto's work, you may think that manner more delightful, because more refined perhaps, than in Correggio himself. Those pensive, tarnished, silver side-lights, like mere reflections of natural

sunshine, may be noticed indeed in many another painter of that day in Lanini, for instance, at the National Gallery. In his "Nativity," at the Brera, Procaccini of Verona almost anticipates Correggio's: *Heilige Nacht.* It is, in truth, the first step in the decomposition of light, a touch of decadence, of sunset, along the whole horizon of North-Italian art. It is, however, as the painter of the white-stoled Ursula and her companions that the great master of Brescia is most likely to remain in the memory of the visitor; with this fact, above all, clearly impressed on it, that Moretto had attained full intelligence of all the pictorial powers of *white.* In the clearness, the cleanliness, the hieratic distinction, of this earnest and deeply-felt composition, there is something "pre-Raphaelite"; as also in a certain liturgical formality in the grouping of the virgins—the looks, "all one way," of the closely-ranged faces: while in the long folds of the drapery we may see something of the severe grace of early Tuscan sculpture—something of severity in the long, thin, emphatic shadows. For the light is high, as with the level lights of early morning, the air of which ruffles the banners borne by Ursula in her two hands, her virgin companions laying their hands also upon the tall staves, as if taking share, with a good will, in her self-dedication, with all the hazard of battle. They bring us, appropriately, close to the grave of this manly yet so virginal painter, born in the year 1500, dead at forty-seven.

Of Moretto and Romanino, whose works thus light up, or refine, the dark churches of Brescia and its neighbourhood, Romanino is scarcely to be seen beyond it. The National Gallery, however, is rich in Moretto's work, with two of his rare poetic portraits; and if the large altar-picture would hardly tell his secret to one who had not studied him at Brescia, in those who already know him it will awake many a reminiscence of his art at its best. The three white mitres, for instance, grandly painted towards the centre of the picture, at the feet of Saint Bernardino of Siena—the three bishoprics refused by that lowly saint—may remind one of the great white mitre which, in the genial picture of Saint Nicholas, in the *Miracoli* at Brescia, one of the children, who as delightfully unconventional acolytes accompany their beloved patron into the presence of the Madonna, carries along so willingly, laughing

almost, with pleasure and pride, at his part in so great a function. In the altar-piece at the National Gallery those white mitres form the keynote from which the pale, cloistral splendours of the whole picture radiate. You see what a wealth of enjoyable colour Moretto, for one, can bring out of monkish habits in themselves sad enough, and receive a new lesson in the artistic value of reserve.

Rarer still (the single work of Romanino, it is said, to be seen out of Italy) is the elaborate composition in five parts on the opposite side of the doorway. Painted for the high-altar of one of the many churches of Brescia, it seems to have passed into secular hands about a century ago. Alessandro, patron of the church, one of the many youthful patrician converts Italy reveres from the ranks of the Roman army, stands there on one side, with ample crimson banner superbly furled about his lustrous black armour, and on the other—Saint Jerome, Romanino's own namesake—neither more nor less than the familiar, self-tormenting anchorite; for few painters (Bellini, to some degree, in his picture of the saint's study) have perceived the rare pictorial opportunities of Jerome: Jerome with the true cradle of the Lord, first of Christian antiquaries, author of the fragrant Vulgate version of the Scriptures. Alessandro and Jerome support the Mother and the Child in the central place. But the loveliest subjects of this fine group of compositions are in the corners above, half-length, life-sized figures—Gaudioso, Bishop of Brescia, above Saint Jerome; above Alessandro, Saint Filippo Benizzi, meek founder of the Order of Servites to which that church at Brescia belonged, with his lily, and in the right hand a book; and what a book! It was another very different painter, Giuseppe Caletti, of Cremona, who, for the truth and beauty of his drawing of them, gained the title of the "Painter of Books." But if you wish to see what can be made of the leaves, the vellum cover, of a book, observe that in Saint Philip's hand.—The writer? the contents? you ask: What may they be? and whence did it come?—out of embalmed sacristy, or antique coffin of some early Brescian martyr, or, through that bright space of blue Italian sky, from the hands of an angel, like his Annunciation lily, or the book received in the Apocalypse by John the Divine? It is one of those old saints, Gaudioso (at

home in every church of Brescia), who looks out with full face from the opposite corner of the altar-piece, from a background which, though it might be the new heaven over a new earth, is in truth only the proper, breathable air of Italy. As we see him here, Saint Gaudioso is one of the more exquisite treasures of our National Gallery. It was thus that at the magic touch of Romanino's art the dim, early, hunted-down Brescian church of the primitive centuries, crushed into the dust, it might seem, was "brought to her king," out of those old dark crypts, "in raiment of needle-work"—the delicate, richly folded, pontifical white vestments, the mitre and staff and gloves, and rich jewelled cope, blue or green. The face, of remarkable beauty after a type which all feel though it is actually rare in art, is probably a portrait of some distinguished churchman of Romanino's own day; a second Gaudioso, perhaps, setting that later Brescian church to rights after the terrible French occupation in the painter's own time, as his saintly predecessor, the Gaudioso of the earlier century here commemorated, had done after the invasion of the Goths. The eloquent eyes are open upon some glorious vision. "He hath made us kings and priests!" they seem to say for him, as the clean, sensitive lips might do so eloquently. Beauty and Holiness had "kissed each other," as in Borgognone's imperial deacons at the Certosa. At the Renaissance the world might seem to have parted them again. But here certainly, once more, Catholicism and the Renaissance, religion and culture, holiness and beauty, might seem reconciled, by one who had conceived neither after any feeble way, in a gifted person. Here at least, by the skill of Romanino's hand, the obscure martyr of the crypts shines as a saint of the later Renaissance, with a sanctity of which the elegant world itself would hardly escape the fascination, and which reminds one how the great Apostle Saint Paul has made courtesy part of the content of the Divine charity itself. A Rubens in Italy!—so Romanino has been called. In this gracious presence we might think that, like Rubens also, he had been a courtier.

WALTER PATER.

A RADICAL PROGRAMME.

PART V.

WHILE Disestablishment cannot be classed among the political reforms needed in order to obtain the social and financial changes of which I have spoken, the same cannot be said of the scheme of local government, or of measures intended to relieve Parliament of Scotch and Welsh as well as of Irish Bills. There is a general view among the Liberal constituencies that the scheme of local government of the future should be a complete scheme, beginning with the parish, rising from the parish to the district, and from the district and municipal borough to the county and also that it should be capped in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales if not in England itself, by some body called into existence for the whole country to administer local affairs too large for the competency of the County Councils or involving conflict between them. Parliament as at present constituted is unable to pass Scotch or Welsh measures, and when made to deal with Irish affairs can find for England no time at all. Is it conceivable, for example, that an expenditure of nearly sixty millions sterling in the year upon the defences of the British Empire, without the provision of adequate defence, can be explained except upon the ground of the demands made by other questions on the time of Parliament?

Most Radicals are impatient of allusion to military or foreign questions unless in the form in which they are mentioned by an able semi-Socialist writer who declares that war is a struggle between capitalists for markets; that armies exist in order that savage races should be first conquered and then supplied with gunpowder and bad rum; that enormous sums of money are spent upon armies and navies to protect the interests of speculators; that

huge and costly armaments are maintained only as a part of the competitive order of society; that defence scares are raised from time to time by military cliques; and that the result invariably is that more money goes to the "harpies." There are some, however, who see that there is a real necessity for the defence of our very existence as a country. It is, indeed, of little use to discuss those political reforms which bear upon the possibility of quiet change in the direction of the social reforms which have been described, if the people whose condition it is desired to improve lie open to a real risk of the horrors of invasion. No amount of talking about our pretty dreams of a beautiful future for our country will avail to prevent the use against us by others of military force. What can be done, however, with much wisdom, is to discuss the question whether we get full value for the money that we spend upon defence, and it may be admitted that the sums we spend are so enormous that we ought to see some value for them. We pay for defence in the United Kingdom, without counting expenditure from Indian taxes, over thirty-eight millions sterling a year, of which over thirty-three millions comes out of taxes, and the remainder out of loans expended in the year. This thirty-eight millions exceeds the total expenditure upon defence of either France or Germany, the two greatest military Powers of the present day, counting their fleets and armies together. This thirty-eight millions sterling, that we spend upon defence in the United Kingdom, and in contribution towards the defence of coaling-stations, takes no account of India. A vast proportion of our ordinary artillery and cavalry and infantry are in India, and the whole of the expenditure connected with those troops, the better portion of our army, is borne by India, and does not appear upon our accounts. India herself is, measured by her expenditure, a first-class military power, and her average expenditure upon war has lately been something like twenty millions sterling. It is for this year estimated at seventeen millions. Canada has her own war expenditure upon her permanent force, and her 36,000 organised militia. Australasia keeps up a force of nearly 40,000 men. The Cape has between 4,000 and 5,000 men in its permanent force, using the word "permanent" in the South African and not in the Australian sense. The Straits, Hong Kong,

and many other Crown Colonies spend large sums upon fortification, and, in all, the war expenditure of the British Empire considerably exceeds fifty-seven millions sterling in the twelve months, year by year. On the other hand, no one who knows the facts can assert that the Empire is prepared for war. No one can maintain that there is that direction of the whole military and naval policy of the country which renders us fit to cope with a coalition such as is certainly possible, directed by such a mind as that of the new Chief of the French General Staff. I name that distinguished officer without the smallest desire to assert that there is any special risk of war with France, although the Newfoundland question is a dangerous one. But if it is worth spending anything like sixty millions sterling a year to guard against the danger of possible invasion, surely it is worth organising that expenditure in such a way as to produce results which would guard against possible danger and certain panic in the event of even a moderate call on our resources. At the present moment, at the outbreak of a war such as might easily arise out of questions always open, we should immediately lose not only a large portion of our trade, but the actual possession of important points in our dominions, the loss of which would make the operations of our fleets for the future far more difficult. Our navy is the first navy in the world, but it is not so strong in proportion to our needs as is the fleet of France in proportion to the necessities of that Power. The cost of the British navy, measured by results in "material," is about equal proportionately to the cost of the French fleet, but is too great in proportion as compared with the cost of the fleet of Italy. Of the navy, however, there is less to be said from this point of view of cost than of the other of the two war services. We spend vastly more upon the British and Indian army than either France or Germany expends on its huge host; and, although the absence of a conscription in the United Kingdom is a boon of inestimable value, the apparent money cheapness of conscription is far from accounting for the whole difference. The Royal Commission presided over by Lord Hartington has recommended the most sweeping, the most revolutionary change. That change is not to be fully carried out. Here a patch, there a patch may be put

upon the present system, but nothing large is to be done, and in essentials we are to continue as we are. Lord Hartington and his colleagues were not people to recommend revolutionary changes for the sake of change. Most of those who sat upon that Commission were either Conservatives in politics or men of an essentially Conservative type of mind, and they would not have advised the country that it was necessary to undertake these root and branch alterations of system had there not existed a real and a dangerous necessity. I am justified in saying that their reports—and I feel certain that I might add the evidence taken before them upon which those reports were based, and which is too damaging to be published—imply that the country is in a position of danger and is also not getting value for its money. The principle for which we have to contend is that, in military as in other employments, the best brains should be allowed to come to the top and that we should modernise our army. The chief need is one of organisation of our present numbers. The normal forces of the United Kingdom are sufficient so far as general numbers go, but there is among them a total absence of cohesion. The time will certainly come when the British people will insist upon obtaining a sufficiently large and effective modern army for their defence as cheaply as such a force is maintained in Switzerland. It is not here necessary, in order to give us sufficient numbers, that we should enrol every man of full age for war. The volunteering of our martial race provides us with men enough. As far as infantry goes for home defence, our Volunteers, if properly organised, would be sufficient, provided they were supplied with that costly requisite, a good field artillery, in due proportion to their numbers. The partially-paid system which gives an excellent defence artillery in some of the Colonies might be applied to the United Kingdom. The encouragement of the Volunteer system, and its proper organisation, which has been discouraged by the War Office and the Treasury, lately censured in the matter by the House of Commons, is the key to our future system.

These references to Disestablishment and to the economy of military organisation are by the way. The chief reforms that are in men's minds are those political reforms which are neces-

sary to bring about financial changes, and social changes in the direction of increased local self-government, understood in the widest sense of those words. It has been said that we ought to try to get away from the political questions of the present to those which more closely affect the daily life of the people, and that popular interest is turning from political to social questions; but there are, as has been shown, political reforms still needed to enable those social questions to receive adequate discussion. The great potential force which is now in the hands of the working classes, since the last two extensions of the franchise, can be made use of in order to secure them. In place of the emigration hopelessly suggested by some well-meaning people, and the extension of outdoor relief which others offer—in place, in other words, of a policy retrograde in its effects—we should benefit the workers by the methods which have been indicated. I am far from saying that the present poor law system, and especially the working of it, as contrasted with the law, could not be improved as regards the treatment of the children, of the aged, and of the sick; but those who call for poor law reform as a remedy for the present miseries of the poor have generally in view measures which would be full of danger to the self-respecting workman. To "advantage" the workers by the adoption of free education within wide ages, by the use, made for their benefit, of a municipalised gas supply, water supply, and tramway service, and in this and a hundred other modes to mitigate inequalities in happiness produced by inequalities in wealth, would be a wiser policy.

People are now familiar in this country with the extent to which the process of benefiting the workers has been carried in Australia, but they might with equal advantage turn to a State nearer home, European, and very old. If we compare an English village with a Swiss we compare that which is stagnant with that which is continually improving and calling into use the best of modern ideas. The contrast between our rural districts and those of Switzerland must have the effect of making most men social reformers, and no poor man who compares the two can go in doubt whether for his interest and that of his class he should be a democrat of one sort or another, or a supporter of the existing order of things. Much might have been done when local government was dealt with here by

reforming the parish, and building up our administrative scheme through the larger unit of the district, and so to the county, and even to the country itself ; but of all local government units the parish is the closest to the poor, and it is a more real thing to the poor man than is the district or the county. The rural poor have little to do with the country, or the county, or the district, as compared with what they have to do with the parish. Guardians of the poor, although they sit for unions, are parochially elected. The poor have to do with these parochially-elected guardians ; they have to do with parish vestries, or with churchwardens and overseers, also parochial, who administer the charities. The Local Government Bill, even as proposed, and before the District Councils part was dropped, contained no scheme for the reform of any of those bodies with whom the poor man has to do,—the guardians, the vestry, the magistrates sitting to try him for offences. Universal education and parish reform would, between them, make an immense difference in the labourers' lives, and under such changes the present cheerless lot of the rural labourer would be brightened by a ray of hope. The men would no longer look forward to the choice in old age between driblets of out-relief, the workhouse, and the grave, and English Radicals would feel that, before their party is replaced by those more advanced who, in the changing aspects of society, will naturally succeed them, they had done some good.

In the same way in which the struggle for life among nations may ultimately result in general union, so the struggle for life among men, or so-called scientific doctrine of the survival of the fittest, may one day be replaced by a more real brotherhood resting upon the basis of freedom and of equality before the law. The struggle-for-life view is merely the law of force which exists among the beasts of the lower creation, and is extinct under partial civilisation even among our own domestic pets ; and it is not impossible to perceive around us a constantly increasing desire to apply more Christian principles to the affairs of men.

There are economic causes existing which make it likely that the worker will occupy in the future a more powerful position than in the past. It is often said that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, and until very lately it has indeed been so.

In the United States of America it is so still. In Great Britain it has perhaps lately ceased to be so. We seem to be entering upon a period in which the tide at last has turned, a time of more equal distribution of wealth. To found new fortunes will become more difficult. Wealth is beginning to lose some of its advantages. Labour is gaining ground. Capital returns less interest with safety than it brought a few years ago. The average rent of land is decreasing as new countries grow our products, and, owing to augmented facilities of transport, compete with us in our own markets. The advantage to the upper and middle classes of their education is growing less as all become sufficiently educated for business purposes, able to read and write and count, skilled in elementary science, used to discipline, and thus trained to command others. While, by the effect of increased competition, a less vast heaping-up of wealth in single hands is likely to take place, the old fortunes will be more rapidly divided, and, owing to reduced interest rates, more speedily dispersed. In the United Kingdom, by the foolish system of primogeniture, promoted as it is by the granting of hereditary titles, we check the natural process, but the tendency is marked and will prevail. The manual labourer will see his class rise absolutely, and still more relatively, as the rich somewhat decline in power.

The fall in the rate of interest on the money of the rich is a phenomenon which deserves study, as it is pregnant with results which will affect the future of society. Not only does the interest on wealth, not only does the rent from agricultural land decline, but so also does the average rate of trade and manufacturing profit. Among the causes are a more complete and a more general security in an increasing number of countries; more general saving, and good government, and therefore more competition of capital, and less immediate and less large return on capital laid out. In old countries, too, the most remunerative jobs were those which were naturally the first undertaken. As a rule it is the less productive enterprises that are left for the later times. It is true that interest during the last century was as low as it is now, but since the end of the great wave of new enterprise,—railways, telegraphs, gas, the opening up of the United States and of Australia,—and since the war of 1870,

and the disturbances of 1871, the fall of the rate of interest has been steady. It will in all probability continue, although Mr. Edison believes that there will be a fresh wave of discovery, and that, after this, interest once more will rise. He is, however, according to the best opinion, probably wrong in this contention, and the fall in interest will go on, though great wars, which happily seem unlikely, would retard the process. All the countries in the world are being "taken up," and in the event of a fresh outburst of discovery American and Australasian capital will largely compete with the capital of the Old World. The time will probably come when many of the rich will cease to save. The rich have never been so willing to save for 2½ per cent. as the poor in Great Britain, or the poor in France to save for nothing, hoarding their money in old stockings. With the reduction in the rate of interest at which the State and at which the towns can borrow, they will daily undertake more and more duties hitherto not performed at all or left to individuals, and State Socialism and Municipal Socialism, becoming cheap, will advance with leaps and bounds. While the interest on the capital of the rich, the rents of land, trade profits, and returns from manufacturing, on the whole, decrease, and while the rich save less, the poor will become more and more educated and more able to make use of every advantage they obtain. Great fortunes will be divided, new ones will become more hard to found, and only a few who personally minister to the wants of the democracy—inventors, engineers, newspaper proprietors and journalists, highly-skilled surgeons, actors, singers, and so forth—will grow very rich; a handful as compared with the numbers of human beings living in an organised society. British law, moreover, will not only cease to bolster up great fortunes by primogeniture, but may begin to imitate British Colonial legislation, and, by progressive taxation, discourage their existence.

There is reason to expect, then, that the worker will become king in Britain as he is king already in the British countries of Australasia. In greater and greater demand for his toil, favoured by public opinion and by law, better housed by his action on the politics of his own town through means of his vote, saved from the waste of his money upon drink by increasing sobriety of habit, and

by legislation to control those who cannot control themselves, he will find himself master of the situation. Brains will be offered freely with fewer takers, except in the best cases, while the strong arm of the workmen will be in continually increasing demand. Although brain-workers will exist side by side with the larger body of those who live by manual toil, our successors will see little of an hereditary lazy-bones class, society will become more one, work will be more generally diffused and less severe in its strain on those who live by it alone. It seems not unlikely that Australia will become the Conservative ideal, presenting as it does in several of its parts a picture of the State with a highly developed State existence; while the Radical ideal will be the municipally-socialist State in which each community will manage its own concerns. The dangers in the way are less the distant than the close and real but transient dangers—the dangers of war and of popular ferment, and one sad danger which is a danger of the transition period—that everyone who can read and write and, knowing his own tongue, has perused a few of its classics, thinks that he is fit to teach others and competent for all employment in the State, because in his father's time such a man would have been so fit. Men must be willing to work in the modern State, and must also be content to work in all humility, and we must many of us be content to see our children remaining in or dropping into the working classes, but working classes happier and more prosperous than were the wealthy classes of a few generations ago. Whether these prognostics are right or wrong, we should, however, equally try to give a fair chance in life to every man, to sweep away all obstacles to the free course of nature (such as the custom of primogeniture), to teach all, to give the free vote to all, and as much leisure as is possible to all who work.

There is nothing, we may be convinced, to be afraid of in the prospect that the future holds out to us. Stupid rich men sometimes speak of what are commonly called the lower classes as though they were the ignorant classes, but the position of classes in respect of ignorance has greatly changed of late. In a first-class carriage on many lines of railway men may often find themselves among those of their fellows who are utterly incapable of following

a close argument, or of reading with enjoyment any literature except that supplied by comic papers of an inferior kind. In a third-class carriage they will sometimes discover that, on the whole, the literature is of a nature better suited for general consumption. The rich, there is some ground to fear, have of late become as a class more ignorant than were their fathers. The workers as a class have certainly become in our time more of an educated people; very imperfectly educated as yet, no doubt, but, nevertheless, showing a real progress. There is some reason to hope that a higher life will be built up in the United Kingdom and her Colonies than has hitherto existed, and Australian example has clearly shown that a pure democracy, composed of the races of the United Kingdom, is not dangerous to society.

The *Spectator*, in a recent criticism upon the views which have been put forward as to the state of things that is coming upon us, has said that it seems that no one will suffer except, indeed, that unlucky brain-worker who will be eaten up by competition. The unlucky brain-worker is in old countries unfortunately in the position of being eaten up by competition now, and it is possible to contend with truth that we stand at the worst moment for him. As a new organisation of society comes to be developed out of the present chaos manual labour will less and less be looked on as degrading toil, and it is the low estimation of manual labour that is the cause of over-competition among brain-workers in the present day.

The chief fault of British democracy, as displayed in its full freedom in Australia, is not that it is too rash, but rather that it is too Conservative and, except as regards State action, too little open to new ideas. But, at least, Australian example negatives the probability of revolutionary movement succeeding among the British peoples. Order, and not chaos, lies before us, except, indeed, in the event of unsuccessful war, against which we should guard by all means in our power. As regards domestic change there is reason to expect a gradual evolution of society from an individualist to a collective state, and one accomplished without danger.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

THE SUFFERINGS OF RUSSIAN EXILES.

A GOOD deal has been written upon the privations and sufferings of the political exiles in Siberia. It seems to me, however, that people who do not know the facts by personal experience, or by long and careful observation, have, to some extent, failed to realise, in its entirety, what is called in Russia exile life. I have been brought to this conclusion by the questions which have been put to me, and by the tendency I have remarked, to dwell exclusively upon the physical conditions of that life, and the cases of physical violence. People appear to think that if the exiles were conveyed to Siberia in comfortable railway carriages or steamboat cabins, if they were not sent to the Arctic zone, if they had plenty to eat and good lodgings, and were not shot down and hanged like the unfortunate men in Yakoutsk—then all would be right, and there would be no more reason for complaint. In reality this is not at all the case. The Arctic zone is not the only territory to which the "politicals" are sent; the climate of some places of exile is excellent. There are men and women among them who do not suffer from hunger and cold, for they are allowed to have a certain amount of money of their own, and live in places where they can get all that is essentially necessary. But I do not know one single political exile who would not curse his position. I, personally, was never in such limbos as Touroukhánsk, Kolymsk, or Kandinsk. I never was at the mines. I never suffered during my exile from starvation in the literal sense of the word. And still my health is broken down, and the better part of my strength wasted. And this not only from years of preliminary detention in solitary cells, but also from my exile experiences.

You may surround a Russian exile with every comfort, and still,

under the actual bureaucratic and autocratic *régime*, there would remain reasons enough to make his life a burden.

What is it, then? What is it that makes a Russian "political" miserable, even if he do not suffer from physical privations? To this I will answer unhesitatingly: It is the feeling of one's complete dependence upon the whims of every official to whom one is subjected; it is the consciousness that one is a bond slave of every brute wearing a State uniform, and that one must put up with all his caprices, submit to his arrogance, and endure insults inflicted by him sometimes out of sheer wantonness.

One little scene rises in my memory.

It was in Tukalinsk, a wretched Siberian town of one thousand five hundred inhabitants. We were three; my wife, a friend of ours, now a prominent novelist, then an exile, and myself. We were sitting at a table in the second of the two rooms which formed the whole of our house,—a rough wooden building, not very spacious. The gnarled logs of the walls, neither papered nor whitewashed, stood out bare in the lamplight, intersected with lines of dried moss stuffed between. The snow-storm howled outside. But we were warm and in good friendly company, our talk was unrestrained and lively, and we felt for the moment almost happy.

Just as we were laughing at some funny remark of my friend, a loud and impatient knock, or rather a series of knocks, was heard at the outer door.

It was very late; past eleven o'clock; which for these regions, where people go to bed with the birds, is the dead of night.

Greatly surprised, and wondering who could visit us at such an hour, we got up and went into the next room, the outer door of which led directly on to the staircase. My friend carried the lamp. I unbolted the door, and immediately a man in police uniform, with a sabre and revolver at his side, entered the room. This was the newly-appointed *Politséysky Nadzirátel*, or town police officer, a big, awkward fellow, red from cold and whisky.

He diffused through the room a strongly alcoholic atmosphere. At the moment I opened the door I could see in the snowy background a number of human figures on and near the staircase. They seemed to be policemen and night watchmen.

We—I mean my wife, our friend, and myself—exchanged glances. We were sure that we were to be searched.

"Good evening," said the new-comer. I slightly bowed.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"To pay you a visit."

"To make a search at my house, you mean?"

"No, simply to pay you a visit."

I could not realise at once the meaning of his vague expression. I could not get rid of the thought that he meant some official mission. How otherwise could I explain his "visit"? The man was never in my house before, nor was he ever invited to come. He looked so self-confident, that, if his errand was not to be explained by his official duties, he could, under the circumstances, assume such an appearance only when entering a common tavern. Nevertheless, *this* was the truth. It was at once revealed to me by a self-satisfied glance thrown by the *Nadzirátel* at the remains of our last meal, which were set aside on a corner table.

I looked in the intruder's face and said seriously:

"It is the dead of night now, sir; nobody makes visits to honest people at such a time, and then, you ought to ask me beforehand whether I wish to receive you as an acquaintance."

"O, ho!" exclaimed the *Nadzirátel*, raising his voice; "you are playing the great man, I see. But you forget that the police have the right to enter your house whenever they please."

"Well, then, you enter my house as a police agent on duty. In that case I ask you once more: What do you want?"

"Only to pay you a visit," he repeated, smiling; "I just dropped in to see you."

I grew somewhat hot. This man had been in the town for about a month, and had already succeeded in making himself hated and despised by us all. Without any reason whatever he detained for days our letters, which, according to custom, and in a certain degree to regulations, ought to be revised by the police; he never sent them to us, but required us to come to the police quarters to fetch them, although twice every day a policeman visited us, as a measure of surveillance; he once went so far as to pat one of our comrades on the shoulder, remarking: "Too much

dignity in you all, too much, indeed! I'll see if I can't cure you of that!" To depict the man at once I may say here that he was afterwards discharged from his position because he was proved to have taken from thieves, as a bribe, a stolen sledge, which he himself ingeniously painted in some new colour to prevent its being recognised. And this man now intruded into my lodging simply because he wanted some more whisky and a supper, and I was a defenceless political exile!

"Well, sir," I said, "have you anything to do here connected with your official duties?"

"No, nothing."

"Then, please, step out."

"What!" roared the *Nadzirátel;* "you turn me out!"

"Not at all," I replied. "If you have anything to do here officially, according to the law in force, you may remain as long as is necessary for the discharge of your duties; but in that case proceed to what you consider to be your duty. If, on the other hand, you have nothing to do here as a police officer, I must request you to go away, as I do not count myself among your aquaintances, and do not at all aspire to that honour."

"Oh, I see, I see," cried the bully, and made a step forward to take a chair. "You imagine yourself a great gun; but I'll put you down, my fine fellow!"

I could hardly control myself. Boiling with indignation, I seized my heavy fur overcoat and cried out:

"I will go immediately to the *Isprávnik*" (the police chief of the district), "complain to him of your intrusion, and claim his protection."

"Bah! don't play the innocent, please. You are plotting here the whole night through, and when you are caught you pretend to be offended . . ."

"What do you mean by plotting? What plots have you seen or heard here?"

"There, there! I'm going now, my boy; but you will soon hear of me," he concluded ominously.

As soon as he was gone I bolted the door, and we went back to our table. All our good humour had vanished. We fully realised

our position. There we were, three quite harmless persons, at the mercy of such scoundrels as the one who had just left us.

The *Nadzirátel* really made his denunciation against us, as we had expected. Fortunately for us, however, he was too stupid to be able to imagine anything probable at all. He told the *Isprávnik* that we, together with a local rough and drunkard, had founded a "*political* secret society *for gambling and debauchery*." This was too absurd on the face of it, and this time we were not molested.

I have given only one instance from my own experience—one out of scores which throng in my memory—and a comparatively insignificant one. But let the reader imagine a life of many years going on under the threat of such things occurring every day. Your time, your home, your peace, your family life do not belong to you; you are never safe from an intrusion like the one described, and even worse.

The moral and educational level of the average Siberian *Isprávnik*, *Zassyedátel*, *Nadzirátel*, and other official personages of the lower grades, is below everything an Englishman can imagine as being possible for men in such a position. One of the *Nadzirátels* of Tukalinsk (Kopylóv by name) was discharged from his post because on the third morning of his appointment he was found lying drunk in the street mud, near a tavern. One of the *Isprávniks* of the same town and district, Bogouslávsky, was such a drunkard that he was removed to a still smaller and far more northern place, Sourgóut, but still in the same position of District-Chief. Here he found two other drunkards, the district physician and the commander of the local detachment. Once they met at the latter's, and, after a drinking bout, began a dispute about the question which of them (they formed the whole of the local administrative staff) was the most important official. As the host would not agree to the supremacy of his guests, Bogouslávsky ordered him to be bound and sent him, under guard of his own soldiers, to gaol, a proceeding which greatly scandalised the whole population. A *Nadzirátel* of Minoussinsk (province of Yenisséisk), Popóv, was proved to have stolen some false bank-notes, which were in his custody as *corpus delicti* against a coiner, and tried to spend them in a house of ill-fame. But I should never end if I

attempted to expose here all I know about the average Siberian official! It would be shorter to quote one of the late Governors of Tomsk, General Lax, who, when asked why he kept as chief of police a bribe taker such as a certain Nekrássov, answered, "They are all alike; I cannot have honest police officers; the only difference is that some are worse than others."

The reader understands that such men are neither cautious nor very scrupulous in using their almost unlimited powers over the "politicals." When the first young women, condemned to exile "for political reasons," arrived in a town of the Tobolsk province, called Ishím, they wore a kind of short Garibaldi blouse, which was then unknown in that out-of-the-way spot. Tempted by the new fashion, two local girls imitated the dress. Immediately the cunning *Isprávnik* of Ishím guessed that this betokened a dangerous influence on the part of the new-comers, and that there must be some political plot in the town. He consequently searched the houses not only of the political exiles but also of these two young ladies, who belonged to the families of local citizens. Of course, the only thing proved by the searches was the *Isprávnik's* stupidity. Nevertheless, a humiliating and irritating intrusion was made into those houses, the people's work was interrupted, their time wasted, and their families were greatly troubled and frightened. During my life in Tukalinsk I and my house were searched repeatedly, and sometimes in a manner which made my blood boil. The *Zassyedátel* Karpinsky, for example, stripped me in order to ascertain that I had no papers concealed about me. But of all those searches the one made by the *Isprávnik* Bogouslávsky is especially interesting on account of the motive which induced it.

One morning my wife, I, and one of our comrades with whom we worked in company were busy binding some books. We got our living by it, and now were in a great hurry, because if we did not complete our work that day we should not get any money for Saturday, the only day of the week when provisions could be got in the market. Thus the interruption of our work meant for us a most meagre, I may say a troublous week. And just at that time it was interrupted for at least six hours. The *Isprávnik*, accompanied by several policemen, came in, jingling and clattering with his spurs

and sabre, and with a smile which he considered must compensate us for every trouble declared that he had to make a search. My wife was not well that day, and I saw her grow pale from agitation. This need not surprise the reader. In Russia it is sometimes quite sufficient to have one's name mentioned in a letter to somebody by a person mixed up in political agitation, to be arrested. You may have no knowledge whatever of the matter in question, you may never have known the persons who carried on the correspondence, still the fact that *they* know you is enough to ruin you and your family before anything in your favour can be proved. We knew very well that for the moment we were what the gendarmes call "innocent," and still as soon as there was a "reason" for search any calamity was possible. It was useless to ask what the reason was, as, according to law, the authorities have the right to postpone the answer to that question until they have finished their task. So we had only to submit. The search was very long, very tiresome, and very minute. Then the *Isprávnik* took my manuscripts, my correspondence, and all my photographs, and, without even having sealed them, took leave. When I asked him to draw up a protocol stating that nothing suspicious was found (which he was bound to do), he answered, "It is unnecessary." As for my question about the reason of his proceedings, he was somewhat surprised at hearing it, and retorted:

"Why, what special reason do you ask for? Have I not the right, as a police officer, to enter your house and search you, as a political exile, whenever it pleases me?"

Indeed, he hardly could tell me the real reason, because, as I afterwards learnt from one of his subalterns, it was this: Mr. Bogouslávsky quarrelled, while playing a game of cards, with one of the two local physicians. Suspecting the latter of having been on friendly terms with us, the *Isprávnik* hoped, by making a search in our house, to detect some innocent note of the physician to us and then to denounce his enemy as "politically untrustworthy."

The reader must not imagine that the police agents are the only authorities who can make the life of a political exile a torment, or even rob him or her of that life. Far from it. I cannot enumerate here all the officials at whose mercy the "politicals" exist; they

are too many. I will mention only one kind—the chiefs of the *étapes*, because of their special brutality. These men are mostly recruited among the promoted soldiers (the worst type of Russian soldiers, who generally are kind-hearted men), or among officers who are regarded to be unworthy of their position in the army. Living without any good companionship in the *étapes*, which are often quite isolated from any other human habitation, and spoiled by their uncontrolled power both over the common-law convicts passing the *étapes* and the soldiers living under their command, the *Etápnye Nachálniki* (chiefs of the *étapes*) are, almost all, terrible drunkards, scarcely to be called human. In fact, their power is unlimited, because according to law they have the right to put in irons, to incarcerate, bayonet, and shoot down any prisoner in their power, if the latter "revolts." Thus, they can do anything they like, and for justification (if the latter is wanted) they need only state that the maltreated prisoner "revolted." Even if the authorities should suspect the chief to be wrong, they would not, as a rule, acknowledge it openly, for fear of "damaging the prestige of authority."

Here are two facts, which occurred recently in the northern part of European Russia—a region, one may suppose, better controlled by the central Government.

A political exile, Khlussevich, on his way to Archangel, arrived at the Sysk *étape*. He was exceedingly tired and worn out by the long journey, and, approaching the officer in command, asked whether he could not get some place outside the crowded common-law convicts' *kámera* in which to take a few hours' rest. But the officer flew at him with abuse for such a request and, saying ironically, "I will give you a separate room," ordered him to be locked up in a dark penitentiary cell. Exasperated by such ill-treatment, Khlussevich began to knock at the door. The officer came to the wicket, threatening the prisoner that he would put him in irons as a "rebel." Khlussevich gave up knocking and asked for pen and paper to write a formal complaint against the officer in command, which he had the full right to do. But at this request the officer became quite furious and wanted to screw the prisoner's wrists and ankles into the "Fox"—a real instrument of torture of the time of Catherine II., which compels the man to remain in a strained

position, with his hands and feet pressed together. It was only on account of the remonstrances of the corporal that this threat was not executed.

But other victims of this local despot fared worse. The torture of the "Fox" was actually inflicted at the Sysk *étape*, and this is how the fact came to light. A few hours later, when all was quiet, and the *étape* was asleep, the door of Khlussevich's cell was cautiously opened and a soldier came in, delegated by his comrades to have a consultation with the prisoner who had had the spirit and resolution to protest against abuses. The soldiers wanted to have Khlussevich's advice and assistance in the following matter. They all hated the officer in command, who, as the delegate said, was a downright tyrant, who tormented, beat, and plundered them daily, and reduced them to such a state of exasperation that they were thinking of killing him. Only a few days before, a comrade of theirs, a tailor, was bold enough to ask him to pay his bill for work which he had done. The officer beat him almost to death, and sent him into the dark cell, where he was kept with his wrists and ankles screwed into the "Fox," and almost without food. The guards were thinking of breaking open the doors of the cell to liberate their comrade by force, but were afraid that it might end badly for them all. As to lodging a complaint, they could see no use in that, because, according to the absurd Russian law—protecting all official abuses—complaints are not legal unless sent through the superiors in hierarchical order, which mean through the official against whom the complaint is made.

Khlussevich found a way of helping his gaolers. As a political exile he was subject to the Governor of the province. He sent a complaint to him, mentioning in illustration of the official's brutality his treatment of the tailor. The complaint reached its destination, and owing, as it seems, to the personal character of the Governor, made a deep impression on him. He sent his commissioner to the Sysk *étape*, who confirmed everything and released the tailor, whom he found pining in the dark cell.

In the same province another officer, commander of the escort, refused to take the luggage of a political exile, although the regu-

lation allows to each of them five pūds (200lb.) of luggage. When the exile refused to march without his things, the officer ordered the soldiers to stab him with their bayonets. But they did not obey at once, and in the meantime the cries of the other exiles attracted a crowd, and the officer did not dare to kill a man in presence of so many witnesses.

Women and girls placed at the mercy of these brutes are subjected to risks so horrible that it is painful even to think of it. On the small *étapes* in the north of European Russia, where the exiles march in small parties, sometimes quite isolated, the condition is peculiarly grave. I will quote the case of Miss Senkevich, who was fortunate enough to have two men, fellow exiles, to protect her. When the drunken soldiers rushed into the compartment of the "politicals" and tried to drag the girl, half dead with terror, into the other room, where a monstrous orgy was going on, her comrades succeeded in defending her at the risk of their lives, for the drunken, infuriated soldiers wanted to shoot them down as "rebels." But she was covered with bruises, had her clothes torn to pieces, and did not recover from the effects of the shock for many months.

In Siberia proper, where the number of exiles is great and they always march in large parties, the women are protected from the worst outrages; but that their feelings are not respected any the more, either by the uncultured uneducated, subalterns, or by their superiors, even those of the highest rank, there are only too many proofs.

I will relate the story of Madame Koválskaya, *née* Sólntzev (she must not be confounded with Madame Kovalévskaya, who ended her life by poison after Madame Sigida's martyrdom). Some sad episodes of this courageous and most energetic woman's exile life were touched upon by Mr. George Kennan in the *Century Magazine;* but the particulars of her removal from the Kara prison to that of Verkhne-Oudinsk have never appeared in print, and as I am able to give them from authentic sources I will do so here.

After having been appointed Governor-General of the Transbaikal and Amóur provinces, Baron Korff (the same who afterwards

ordered the flogging of Madame Sigida) went to Kara to inspect the mines and hard-labour prisons. When he entered the gate of the women's political convict prison, Madame Koválskaya, who was lying on a bench in the prison courtyard, did not rise. Korff ordered her to stand up, but she refused to obey him. He shouted at her that he "would force her to get up," to which Koválskaya replied, "You can use physical force if you choose, but you have no moral right." At this he cried out in a fury, "We'll teach you to get up!" Koválskaya answered passionately, "You can torture us, but not teach us!"

Korff went away; several weeks passed and the inhabitants of Kara had already begun to forget this incident, such scenes being too common between them and the authorities. But Korff evidently did not forget it. One morning, at about two o'clock, Koválskaya was awakened by the screams of her comrades. Startled, and scarcely yet awake, she ran in her night-dress to the door of her cell, merely wrapping a blanket round her. Suddenly she heard the clanking of spurs, and the voices and steps of a crowd of people approaching. In a few moments they stopped at her door. Koválskaya, terrified, asked several times, "What do you want with me?" But the man who appeared to be in command, without answering her question shouted to the gendarmes: "Take her!" The gendarmes, however, refused to seize her by force. This is not the first case in which they have refused to obey, when they have been ordered by their superiors to use force against the political female convicts. The person in command then called the common-law prisoners, whom he had brought with him, and told them to take Koválskaya. Instantly she was seized, and her wrists caught in such an iron grip that she almost fainted; and so, half-naked, with the blanket slipping from her shoulders, she was dragged along the corridor. In this condition they took her out into the courtyard, though it was a cold night, and flung her into an empty *teléga*. Two men seated themselves upon her arms, and a third upon her breast, and the *teléga* drove off towards the river. Koválskaya remembers nothing of this journey, as she fainted away under the weight of the three felons. She recovered her senses in a hut on the river bank, and heard the voice of the same commander shouting: "Change her clothes."

This order was obeyed as follows: In the presence of the whole crowd of gendarmes and common-law prisoners, they stripped her of the only garment she had on—the prison chemise—and put another on her, as if for the sole purpose of amusing themselves by shaming a defenceless woman. Exhausted and half dead as she was, Koválskaya made a last effort to answer this insult; she started up, lifting her hand to strike the commander, but four strong arms seized her hands like a vice and pressed them, till she again fell down insensible. Her last recollection was of hearing the commander say to his men: "If she had struck me I'd have smashed her skull." When Koválskaya again recovered consciousness she was on the river, lying in the bottom of a boat, with a convoy of six soldiers, four of whom were kneeling over her and holding the corners of a convict's cloak which had been thrown across her. Her first thought was to fling herself into the water; it seemed to her impossible to go on living after the shame she had suffered; but when she attempted to rise she found that her impulse had been foreseen and soldiers placed to guard her. Several times, as she lay in a half-conscious state, she saw the soldiers look at her compassionately, but if ever their eyes met hers they turned their heads away in order not to betray themselves—for a Russian soldier to pity the Government's victims is a crime. Koválskaya was given in charge of the soldiers incognito, under the name of No. 3, and they were strictly forbidden to enter into any conversation whatever with her. Though she was ill, and the Kara prison doctor had declared her lungs to be affected, they conducted her without stoppages to Verkhne-Oudinsk, travelling night and day, and with no other clothing, even in the cold Siberian nights, than the summer prison dress. She was carried into the Verkhne-Oudinsk prison literally half dead. The prison doctor, on seeing her, exclaimed: "Why, they have brought her here to die!" He examined her carefully, and found on her body several spots of extravasated blood; one arm was dislocated, and the lungs were injured by violent pressure on the chest.

The superintendent of the prison was utterly horrified when he read the document which was given in with Koválskaya. This document speaks of her as No. 3, and states that if the superinten-

dent himself or anyone else should find out the name of the prisoner he is to keep it a secret, and any person who informs others of her identity will be most severely punished. Further, that No. 3 is to be kept in the strictest solitary confinement; no one, not even the superintendent himself, is to enter her cell alone, and the procurator may only visit her in the presence of either the superintendent or a priest. She is to be given the ordinary convict food and clothing, and to be allowed no books, and may not receive any letters or money from anyone.

I will not speak of the horrors of the Yakoutsk massacre and of the hecatomb opened by Madame Sigida's torture; of women flogged to death, of girls stabbed with bayonets, unarmed prisoners slaughtered by order of the police. These stories are tolerably well known in this country. I will only say that they are quite true and that the account given of them in the English and American Press is perfectly correct. I was informed of the Kara events by trustworthy men, who carry on, although under very difficult conditions, a constant secret correspondence with some inhabitants of Kara. As to the Yakoutsk massacre, it occurred when I was in Irkoutsk, and it stands in my memory with all its ghastly details and the blood-curdling impression it made on men who witnessed it, for I had in my hands authentic private letters of some of the victims, of eye-witnesses belonging to different classes, and even of one of the executioners.

It is difficult to speak of anything else after having revived in one's mind such recollections. Such things are among the number of those which hang as *daily possibilities* over the heads of the thousands of men and women who are placed at the mercy of every official's whim.

FELIX VOLKHOVSKY.

MODERN TOPSY-TURVEYDOM.

THE present is, in essential fact, a distinct improvement on the past. From the climbing boys onward, hundreds of abuses have been swept away. In spite of Jack the Ripper, the Crewe murderers, and our armed burglars, life is more sacred and property is safer than heretofore; and the light has been let into dark places which, a generation or two ago, knew nothing of virtue, sobriety, the best ways of life, or obedience to the laws. The rich and powerful are less able, individually, to oppress the weak, though industrial companies have usurped the place of the irresponsible seigneur, and capital is as masterful, as tyrannical, and as hard-handed as was ever the feudal lord. The narrow strips, like exclusive railed-off walks in a spacious garden, into which society was parcelled, have been boldly enlarged, and the dividing fences, which were once almost unscalable by the bravest or the best, are now cut down into little foot-high borderings which any one may step over. Yes, decidedly, things are better than they were; and in very many essentials the present has played at leap-frog with the past, and gone a bow's length beyond it.

But it is not all improvement. In a transition state like the present there must needs be ugly bits here and exaggerations there, and the jarring of joins and joints which have not yet had time to work into smoothness. And it must be confessed that some of the bits are very ugly indeed, and some of the new joints jar horribly.

The spread of education and increased facilities for locomotion and intercommunication are, of course, the principal causes of the general topsy-turveydom in which we are all struggling for a better place and a stable equilibrium. The enormous increase in the wealth, luxury, restlessness, and dissatisfaction of the country is the direct

product of these foregoing conditions. The people have begun to travel, and thus have learned more than they used to know. The confined area of the old-fashioned peasant, who knew nothing beyond his plough and the village ale-house, and was content with the "cool sequestered vale of life," is a thing of the past never to be recalled. Where to the father, the next valley, five miles distant, was a strange country, and the mother—a woman brought from the towns to the plains, from the sea-shore to the mountains—was scoffed at as a foreigner, to the son a ranch in California, or a miner's hut in the goldfields of Australia comes as easy as nature—as easy as any bride of any nation. He shifts his quarters from Australia to America and back again to England as occasion serves, with infinitely less bother than his old parents would have made had they migrated from the high end of the village to the low. He has more money in his pocket than they have earned in the whole of their sixty years of hard labour; and women are women to him all the world over, and he does not see much difference among them wherever born or bred. To the father the Hall was the local Windsor and the squire was as much a King in his degree as was ever a one on the throne. The travelled son snaps his thick fingers at social dignitaries of every degree, and ten to one lumps them all under one head as "no-account-men." Man for man he feels the equal of any one of them, and a darned sight better than most. That white-handed young gentleman up there at the Hall—who would have been of no more good than a fal-lal Frenchman, or a girl, out on the prairies or in the camp—he does his pretty little day's partridge shooting in the stubble fields, and prances after a fox or two later on, but what is that to a man who has faced bowie-knives and derringers, and used them, too, when need was? The travelled son who has had experiences, reckons a man's value by his personal prowess, not by his money nor his ancestors; and he laughs to scorn the idea of respecting the young squire because he is the young squire and one of the powers that be ordained of God. That cat won't jump with him, he says, fingering his beard; and the old people listen to him with the same feeling as that which, were they Romanists, would make them cross themselves and say a Paternoster for deprecation.

The younger lad has not gone so far afield as his brother. He has contented himself with finding his work in some big town—maybe Birmingham, Manchester, or London, where he has come in contact with thoughts rather than things. He, too, has shaken off the old traditions as one would brush away a gossamer web from one's face. He has studied politics under the accredited leaders of his class; gone in for strikes and Socialistic theories; carried red banners blazing with gold-lettered mottoes to the Park on Sundays; attended scientific lectures and taken his part in debating societies; learnt the outsides of all sorts of questions; and the more he has learnt the more unsettled he has become in his ideas, and the less reverential to his father's gods. To him the endowed class are blood-suckers to a man; and the unendowed are in their right to make them disgorge.

These two men, with their wallets full of upsetting experiences and revolutionary ideas, disorganise the whole village.

Another result of the spread of education and increased facilities for locomotion is the restlessness of the women—a restlessness, both physical and mental, matching that of the men. Home, once a woman's temple, is now her prison. The sweet and quiet virtues which were once her loveliest Order of Merit are now the badge of her slavery. Strong to do, she is weak to bear; and while she can nerve herself to perform the most revolting offices of a hospital nurse, and take an active part in the most ghastly operations, she cannot live under the comparative monotony of home life, nor extract her pleasures from her duties. "Duty," indeed, is not in her vocabulary. She has written "work" over the line where it stood; and her "work" means simply excitement and publicity. Not a grace, not a gift is kept in the shade. Not a violet hides behind its leaves; and all the treasures which once used to be kept in sacred shrines are now laid in the shop windows for everyone to stare at, and all to buy who will. A pretty little piping voice that can sing passably well a drawing-room ballad, hires itself out for public display. Every girl who can hit a true note on a violin aspires to be another Norman Néruda. Every girl who can draw well enough for a drawing-room album plunges into an exhibition and dreams of an income from her art. And every woman with the

faintest faculty for imagining "situations" dashes off a novel which is to bring her fame and profit, in the wake of George Eliot. All the bushels are to be tipped off all the candles, though nothing better than a poor little farthing rushlight is underneath. In any case, large or small, that light is to shine before men; and the restless spirit of the age is the Moloch to which feminine reticence, diffidence, and the home are impartially sacrificed.

To these public exhibitors of often very mediocre talents may be added those dreadful political women who spend their lives in trying to bring about a social revolution to which all others have been child's play. They "set the world on fowre stoups," with the most serene conviction that those stoups are solid and will bear the universe—as they have reconstructed it. This thing and that they will take in hand and alter—this thing and that they will manage and improve. The domination of brutal man has to come to an end. In politics he is to be outvoted; in art and literature he is to be —(?)—has been (?)—distanced; two swallows have already heralded the summer when he is to be like a dried up gourd under the scorching sun of feminine University successes; his morals are to be those of a diaphanous creature who believes in spirits, abjures meat, and considers cigars and wine sinful. At his best he is to be tolerated while coerced; at his worst he is to be snuffed out altogether. So dream the Advanced Women who are the special results of this latter-day restlessness—this universal topsy-turveydom in which we are living.

Hitherto, freedom of relation between the sexes has been man's desire, denied by the prudent mothers and matrons who held their girls much as a hen holds her chickens under her wings when hawks and kites are about. Now it is the women who demand such latitude in divorce as shall reduce the marriage tie to a mere name, and make the general good subservient to individual desire. With the unrestricted freedom of our girls naturally come mistakes of choice, or worse. Sooner than that the inexperienced young should submit to the counsels of the wiser and older, let us upset all law, all order, all existing arrangements. What is to become of the children in a condition of society where divorce is as easy as casting off a shoe, is a question which our hymeneal iconoclasts do not

trouble themselves to answer. The individual is unhappy owing to a false move on the great chess-board of life. Reverse all the existing laws of the game and let the move be taken back at will because the player is dissatisfied with his position. For temper and for satiety, for inconstant fancies and for restless discontent, let us break up our homes and deprive our children of the full meaning of parentage. What the law already allows for certain unendurable crimes—what it ought to still further allow for drunkenness, madness, and gambling—our fair agitators want to extend to the mere whim of the moment. And the believers in woman's moral supremacy and the greater value of individual self-culture over the prosaic fulfilment of duties and obligations—the believers in the rightness of Ibsen's *Doll's House*—would tack on to the rest the all-embracing clause of grossness of nature, and the consequent dragging down of the nobler spirit linked with the clownish clay.

This, too, is one of the queer corners in our modern topsy-turvey-dom—On one hand the women want what is almost free-trade in love; on the other they would subject a man to a moral discipline, not to speak of surveillance, which would lose him his election if it could be proved against him that he had ever hidden anything contraband behind the screen, and was a Joseph only after the pattern of Joseph the brother of Charles. Let him who can reconcile the contradiction.

Cognate with this subject is the topsy-turveycal endeavour on the part of certain of our Press to saddle man with the responsibility of woman's virtue, and to make her fall his crime rather than her own sin. Women are to be voters, County Councillors, lawyers, doctors—what not. That is, they are to be given the gravest responsibilities of social and political life, hitherto reserved for men. But they are to be released from the special responsibility which has been theirs ever since society emerged from the rudest savagery; and the preservation of their chastity is no longer their own affair but man's. The hysterical part of the Press stoutly champions the whole cohort of the frail. Pretty adulteresses whose passion for one man leads to the murder of another; hotel adventuresses; the street-walker reeling along, drunk, disorderly, blaspheming; the astute calculator, reckoning up her chances of successful *chantage*

in the future ; the calculator, still more astute, who casts up as a sum the amount of sympathy she will win if she demands the mere semblance of a ceremony, knowing how utterly worthless it is in legal fact—all these our screeching Press champions with loud screams of objurgation, mingled with sobs of pity. And old coquettes, whose vices have not yet left them, smooth down their skirts, and say how good and grand these dear leader-writers are, and how shameful it is of those vile men to abuse innocence—such as theirs! This, we believe, is called the New Morality. The name is as topsy-turveycal as the thing. For the most prurient and suggestive of all the Press are those journals which preach this New Morality—those journals which are saturated with the sense of sex as the yellow moss of a bog is saturated with water. The grand old Greek innocence in its undraped unconsciousness has gone in favour of clothed indecency ; and the New Morality is of all things modern the most indecent and the least moral. The White Cross Society has no more to do with the "white flower of a blameless life" than the strangling bind-weed with the stately lily.

We owe a great deal of our modern topsy-turveydom to the Press, and the relaxation of our respect for law; *quâ* law, which is so noticeable at the present day, dates from the powers assumed by the omniscient Able Editors of a few penny papers. These Able Editors are the Daniels, the Solomons, the Samuels, the Judahs of their own world and in their own esteem. They know everything, and they manipulate everything. They not only go behind all motives, and understand the exact strength of the words by which the marionettes of politics and statecraft are made to dance, but they re-try all criminal cases, discard evidence hostile to their opinion, quarrel with the judge's summing-up, dispute the verdict, and if that verdict is for death move heaven and earth to set it aside. They have not been in court, nor heard the evidence, nor seen the manner in which it was given—always so significant. They know nothing but by the bare report, of itself an abstract and not *in extenso;* but they at once assume that they know more than judge or jury, and that, in their clever hands, the whole thing shall be rearranged. They appeal to the public, and stir up strife and bad passions in their philanthropic endeavour to save some brutal murderer from the

gallows. They have no regard for the safety of society, which they endanger by their endeavour to make criminals practically irresponsible. Instead of that strongest of all deterrents—certainty of award—they introduce the elements of chance, hope of reprieve, instability of the law, whereby criminals are encouraged to commit the offence from which the sure and certain award would perhaps scare them. They care nothing for the safety of society, the majesty of justice, the stability of law. After the first sacred duty of selling their papers, the second is the individual—the poor dear murderer who has brutally battered or hacked out the life of his victim; the fascinating murderess whose fair face is her apology for the most cruel and cold-blooded kind of assassination there is. The Home Secretary is besieged with monster petitions which these hysterical Daniels have set on foot. He is forced into the position of a judge unassisted by counsel and with his responsibility unshared by a jury. He is made to feel himself the executioner, if he does not give way. If he does give way, he knows that he is giving one wrench the more to the pillars which support the temple of justice.

These shrieking, Able Editors give their minds and souls to the destruction of responsibility. Men and women may do what they will, but they are not to suffer. The law made for the terror of evil-doers is to be stultified into a mere *brutum fulmen*, no more; and those who think differently, and who stand by the cause of social organisation, are as likely as not to be hounded through the pages of the hysterical journals as murderers themselves, under the disguise of legality. Every kind of touching detail is brought together to still further weaken the sense of righteous retribution. The murderer is sure to be full of the finest feeling and the tenderest sentiments. Somehow it is he who deserves our sympathy; and the fact of that blood-stained corpse is to be regarded more in the light of an accident than a crime.

The destruction of responsibility which these Able Editors are so diligently striving to compass is nowhere more visible than in their own utterances. The responsibility which they have assumed of weakening that respect for law which is the very corner-stone of national honour and security they throw aside as a mere rag, which righteousness is better without. They are so much more holy than

the law. Their flabby humanitarianism, which quivers like so much jelly before the spectacle of retribution, they dignify by the name of Christianity, true civilisation, progress. Their cowardice, which dreads pain as the supreme evil, they mask under the pretty veil of sympathy and sensitiveness. They would like to be the providence of murderers and thieves, and not only one but all should sup in Paradise free of charge. That acute commentary about the "penitent thief"—"one was pardoned that no one need despair, but only one that no one should presume"—has no significance for these flabby humanitarians from whose mental rag-bag the shred called the sense of responsibility has been lost. They would let the whole lot go free on earth; and for the flames and pitchforks of a ruder faith would give them the crowns and wedding garments of a more mystical. As for those plodding, solid, uninteresting, virtuous folk, they can go to ruin where they will. You see they want *chic;* and they do no honour to anyone but themselves—and their country. When an Able Editor can prance about with a sinner saved, a criminal rescued from the gallows, running by his side and holding on by his stirrups, he has something to show for himself. He gets a reflected glory from the poetic aureole which he has somehow managed to fling about that close-cropped head. But a plain man who pays his rent and taxes, does not run away with his neighbour's wife, nor put an ounce of lead into his neighbour's body—who cares about him? He is only an earth-worm, and will never make a butterfly.

Coming down to smaller things—the transition state in which we are—the topsy-turveydom brought about by the many changes in material conditions that have taken place—finds many a hard nut to crack and many a queer dilemma to face. One thing is very noticeable in certain country places, more especially those of a show character—the change in the relations between landowners and the public. Fifty years ago that public was composed simply of the known inhabitants of the place, with a handful of well-to-do strangers who had self-respect and knew how to behave. Then all paths were open, all woods were free, all beautiful spots were made public. No precautions were taken to protect the property through which these paths ran, or where these beautiful spots were to be

found. None were taken because none were needed. The utmost that was done was to close the gate one day in the year, to keep up the technical right of exclusion. Things are very different now when excursion trains bring down their "cheap trippers" by the thousands—cheap trippers with a keen sense of being out for a lark, full of the prevailing idea of irresponsibility, "caring nothing for nobody," and just as ready to set the gorse and heather on fire as to break down fences, trample down the ripening grass and growing corn, damage statues and monuments, or pluck up the young firs and larches of the plantation.

Here comes in the hardship. The inhabitants of the place, who have used that property in a manner like their own, and have respected it like their own, are now excluded with the rest of the public—those ephemeral rowdies who come for a day and do mischief that lasts for years. If they are not excluded, then the proprietor suffers in his pocket and estate, and 'Arry's outing levies a tax on the landowner which no man on earth is willing to pay. All the bitter blood that has been made of late in certain favourite show places is primarily due to 'Arry and his peculiar methods of enjoying himself. Excursion trains take him for a few shillings to places where he is not known, and has no fear nor respect. Taught by the Able Editors, who pander to him as the great ultimate of the nation, he, too, throws off the fettering sense of responsibility, and gambols his fill at another man's cost. Then that other man turns rusty, and so the fight begins—a fight which has more in it than the bare right of a proprietor to close a pathway used for long years on sufferance by the public—a fight on which depend some of the gravest issues of society, and some of its most perplexing problems.

The topsy-turveydom of the hour has touched our servants too, and domestic service, like everything else, is undergoing its struggle and transformation. By the multiplication of trades, the greater facilities of communication, the denser population of the country, and other self-evident causes, housekeeping is not what it was even fifty years ago, not to speak of times still more remote. In those remoter times all things were made and done at home, and the mistress and her maids worked in concert together. If the maid

was the hand the mistress was the head, and what she did not actively do she ordered and overlooked. The "professional" element was then entirely wanting in domestic service. It was purely personal, and the mistress felt that she had still certain quasi-seigneurial rights, which she used without ceremony. Now all this has gone by the board. The abolition of home manufacture in favour of tradesmen's supplies has relieved the mistress from more than half her former duties and deprived her of more than half her former occupation. It is no longer necessary for her to actively superintend her servants; while, at the same time, the greater luxury of living has necessitated a defter and more accomplished set of officials. Thus, efficient servanthood has come to be a real profession, like any other; and a professor will not brook interference. A cook who knows her business up to the *n*th will not submit to make her *salmis* and *suprêmes* under the eye and interrupted by the futile remonstrances of a young mistress who does not know parsley from chervil. You might as well expect a physician to submit to criticism on his prescriptions. The housemaid who has all the best recipes and methods at her finger ends knows what she has to do, and how she has to do it. She does according to her knowledge; and if her mistress interferes in what she does not understand, Molly resents that interference just as much as her sister Betty in the kitchen, and both give the lady warning—and a bad character to their friends.

When we have come to this state of things we have done with the old order. But as the new is not yet fully established there is the sense of topsy-turveydom inalienable from a time of transition, and everyone is in a state of ferment, of unrest, and dissatisfaction because of it. The mistress clings to her old traditions—the maid asserts the justice of the new arrangement. If you want the feudal spirit, she says in effect if not in words, you must adopt the feudal system. You cannot have professors who are slaves, agents who are instructed enough to undertake responsible offices uncontrolled, and yet of such meekness of mind as to be like little dogs at your heel. It is one thing or the other—the ignorant inferior of whom you are the providence to teach, govern, and command, or the accomplished master and mistress of their craft, who have their living in them-

selves like any other professionals and who can find twenty houses open to them if yours is shut.

Again, a bit of topsy-turveydom resulting from the greater spread of education and the relaxation of former bonds is in the noisy, blatant, rampant Brethren of whatever religious denomination they may please to call themselves. In these present days anyone who will sets up as a Teacher. A young plough-boy who got religion the other day joined one of these bands and became a shining light, a plucked brand, an uncertificated preacher, a voluntary missionary—anything you like. His seventeen years' inexperience and ignorance taught him everything but modesty. He did not know the Ten Commandments, but he set himself to be the shepherd of straying sheep and the leader of lost souls. Could topsy-turveydom go further? Indeed, these noisy religionists, with their pretence of organisation and grade, make no more an orderly organisation, in the essential meaning of fitness, than was the jolly medley which companioned the Abbot of Unreason. But the transitory topsy-turveydom of those mediæval, and that older classic form of Saturnalia, was a mere nothing compared to the topsy-turveydom of the present day, when nothing stands where it did. Monarchy, religion, the laws, public opinion, the home, the relations between the sexes, politics, personal habits—nothing is at this moment in a state of stable equilibrium. The revolution in the midst of which we are all whirling and rushing towards some unknown centre is a bloodless one truly, but none the less important. Steam, the printing press, electricity, scientific discoveries, historical researches—these have been the great agents in the place of the *tiers état*, the guillotine, Robespierre, and Napoleon. But the "scrimmage" now is as perilous as it was just a hundred years ago; and if we have broken new ground we are none the freer from the dangers of unscaleable precipices and unfordable rivers, from death and destruction, if we do not look out sharp and walk warily.

E. Lynn Linton.

A STARVED GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.

WHEN lecturing in the United States, in the winters of 1873 to 1876, I was much impressed by the steps which had then been taken by some of the State Governments to ensure, through a department called the "Bureau of Labour Statistics," the collection of all statistics directly and indirectly relating to labour, and I watched carefully as State after State (and ultimately the Federal Government) adopted more efficient methods for procuring and publishing such statistics. I determined to introduce like methods in this country, and one of the earliest successes I obtained in the House of Commons was immediately after the close of my Parliamentary struggle, when, on March 2nd, 1886, I induced the House to unanimously assent to a resolution that immediate steps should be taken to ensure, in this country, the full and accurate collection and publication of labour statistics. In my speech to the House I detailed what, in my opinion, such statistics might specify, *i.e.*:—

1. The character, and number of each character, of the various industries of the United Kingdom, number of persons and amount of capital employed in each, specifying when any of these industries are increasing or diminishing, and why, and whether any special industry is limited to any particular locality, and the reasons, if known, for such local limitation.

2. The hazardous nature or otherwise of each class of industry with the results to life, limb, and general health and habits of life in each industry, giving also particulars as to labourers' dwellings, and whether held from employers, and on what conditions.

3. Showing how many cases of exploitation in each industry by limited liability companies or other corporations with their subscribed and actually paid-up capital, and profit, and loss, distinguishing cases where workers to any extent share profits.

4. The minimum, maximum, and average amounts of capital embarked in each industry, distinguishing fixed and floating capital, the raw material used, the gross wages paid, the value of manufactures produced, and the gross and net profit.

5. The individual wages paid in each industry, distinguishing men, women, boys, and girls, and specifying highest, lowest, and average wage; also showing whether wage paid weekly or at longer periods, and in latter case, whether companies' shops exist; also showing the longest, shortest, and average number of hours worked per day, and the industries in which there is both night and day work; and showing the average duration of employment in each industry during each year, and showing the cost of, and nature of living, including rent, food, clothing, necessaries, and luxuries; specifying the cases: (1) in which the earnings of individuals and of families, where more than one individual was wage-earner in a family, were large enough to leave a surplus beyond fair subsistence; (2) in which the family has subsisted without incurring debt or receiving poor-law relief; (3) in which the earnings did not equal the cost of subsistence. Showing what trades and friendly societies exist in connection with various industries, with the amount of subscriptions and accumulated capital of each, with annual amounts spent in strikes, sick, and other relief, &c., and whether such societies are registered under the Friendly Societies Acts; number of unionists and non-unionists in each trade; comparative states of trades in which unions exist extensively as against those having no unions; amount of savings' banks deposits, and occupation of depositors.

6. Statistics of other countries where any, and which similar industries are carried on, with similar details where ascertainable.

I then thought, and still think, that the whole of the above details would be most useful in preventing and diminishing labour strife. The existence of reliable returns would prevent the acceptance of exaggerated and misleading statements. In industries where joint boards or councils of conciliation exist such statistics would be helpful as illustrating possibly competing manufactures. The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, who was then President of the Board of Trade, took a warm interest in the matter, appointed Mr. John Burnett, who had been for many years a respected trades union official, to the newly-created office of Labour Correspondent of the Labour Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, of which department Mr. Giffen fittingly took charge; but, in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's defeat on the Irish question, the further control of initiatory steps passed into the hands of Lord Stanley of

Preston, who was also very favourable to the project, but found difficulty in getting the Treasury to go to the extent required. In August, 1886, a memorandum (Parliamentary Paper 48, Session 2), was prepared by Mr. Giffen, whose well-known work has always tended in the direction of providing accurate statistics outlining what the Board of Trade ultimately proposed to do; and although this was much less than I had asked, the scheme was still so substantial that I gladly accepted it. This memorandum stated that Government proposed—

1. To collect and arrange the statistics relating to wages which have been published in Parliamentary Blue-books during the last fifty or sixty years, with the addition of some prominent and authentic unofficial statistics which have been published from time to time, or which may be easily procurable, so as to furnish a tolerably complete picture of the progress of the community in respect of the earnings of the wages-receiving classes during the period in question.

2. To supplement these statistics by similar statistics regarding foreign countries which have been published from time to time in the reports of her Majesty's Secretaries of Legation and Consuls, or which the Board of Trade may be able to compile from the official publications of foreign Governments in their possession, with the assistance to some extent of unofficial records containing authentic data.

3. To collect and arrange similar statistics relating to the savings and general conditions of the same classes, the prices of commodities, and other matters in which the masses of the community are vitally interested.

4. To make immediate arrangements for obtaining from time to time, in future, a fuller record of wages, with special reference to hours of labour, slackness or abundance of employment, and the proportion of the wages-receiving classes at each rate of wage or earnings, than has yet been procured in this country, and for the regular collection and publication of such statistics from time to time.

5. To collect and arrange statistics as to prices, production, cost of living, and other matters, which could either be embodied in the volume containing a record of wages, or be published separately, as may be found convenient. The same with an annual summary relating to wages, prices, &c., in foreign countries.

It will be expedient [it was added] in the course of this work to publish numerous papers containing information of immediate practical use to those interested, and the Board of Trade propose to issue such papers, as well as annual reports and statistical volumes.

Unfortunately, the performance has fallen very far short of the promise, and it is alleged that this is because the Treasury, which is lavish when dealing with the War Office or Admiralty, starves the Labour Department. Personally, I found from the three successive Presidents of the Board of Trade, from Sir H. G. Calcraft, and from Mr. Giffen, the most kindly disposition to extend the work.

Clause 1 of the above memorandum was partly carried out in 1887 by the presentation of Parliamentary Paper C. 5,172, giving in Part 1 particulars of wages paid in a considerable number of industries between 1832 and 1853, and in Part 2 giving like particulars for a larger number of industries for some of the years between 1855 and 1883. To be more than historically useful, or available in the avoidance or settlement of labour disputes, these details should be published frequently, and should be much more complete and more methodically tabulated than was done in this paper. In reference to the textile trades, two Parliamentary Papers (C. 5,807 in 1889 and C. 6,161 in 1890) give the numbers of men, women, boys, and girls employed, the hours worked, and the rates of wages paid in those industries on October 1st, 1886. It is to be noted that the Department, in August, 1889, pleads as excuse for its long delay in presenting these papers "the absence of a sufficient staff to execute the work," and in July, 1890, Mr. Giffen again laments "the inadequacy of the staff." What has been done for the textile trades up to October 1st, 1886, should have been done for all industries, and there should be no hesitancy in providing sufficient clerical assistance for this purpose. The cost would be slight compared with the money voted for torpedoes, and the result would be that, if labour war were not averted, the fighters, at any rate, would not strike in the dark. There ought to be no real difficulty on the part of a properly equipped department in making such returns annually, and in publishing them at latest within six months of the date to which they are made up. It is true that some valuable but irregular and insufficient information may, on many of the points covered by Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the Memorandum, be incidentally found in the Commercial series of Parliamentary Papers and in the *Board of Trade Journal*, ably edited and published monthly. Working men have seldom the opportunity to make troublesome searches; the

information should be made easily accessible. The only regular publication of the Labour Statistical Department is the annual one intituled *Statistical Tables and Report on Trades Unions*, of which three have appeared : C. 5,104, 1887 ; C. 5,505, 1888 ; and C. 5,808, 1889. These, to me, are very disappointing papers, as showing the very small extent to which even the skilled and organised workmen, who are now on so many topics asking for State interference on their behalf, are disposed to help the Executive with the information necessary for wise action. In 1887, only eighteen trades unions furnished Mr. Burnett with materials for his report, although he made requests to 150 unions for such information. There were then 252 such unions actually registered as friendly societies, though only 187 of these made the returns required by law. In 1888, like application was made by Mr. Burnett to 312 trades unions, but 207 of these societies gave no information, many of them not even condescending to acknowledge the receipt of the request. Of the 105 unions whose officers did answer, several of the replies were "not available for publication on account of their incompleteness," and the report issued by the department dealt only with eighty-seven trade societies. In 1889, the number reported on was increased to 104 societies, with 373,904 members, but these are stated to represent only one-third or one-fourth of the known societies, and, if the recent Liverpool Congress estimate be accurate, include much less than one-fourth of the total membership.

Whilst I am very hesitant as to adopting the American labour legislation, which, at any rate in many States, makes the supply of such statistical information compulsory under penalty, I venture to hope that trade societies availing themselves of the provisions of the Friendly Societies Acts may be required to make the requisite returns to the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade as a condition to their being kept on the register. There has been a marked improvement in the quantity and quality of each of Mr. Burnett's yearly reports on trade unions. He tells us that in the more important cases he has made special efforts to obtain statistics, but plaintively records "that these endeavours have met with very limited success."

An attempt of most praiseworthy character was made to collect returns of the expenditure and income of working men in various industries, and the result is given in Parliamentary Paper C. 5,861, 1889. Inquiry schedules were sent out to selected workmen and to trade union officials, also to the officers of co-operative associations. Alas! "Very few of the forms sent to co-operators have been returned." In fact, to 730 inquiries which were sent out in 1887 to all parts of the kingdom, only thirty-six answers in all were received, and two of these proved too imperfect for use. Six replies were given by miners, five of these from one county, Northumberland; five by joiners; eight by engineers; two by shoemakers; three by lithographic printers; two by agricultural labourers; two by clerks; and six as follows: spring-knife cutler, cord cutter, weaver, general labourer, stoker, and engine tender. Such a return, embracing a fair proportion of our national industries, would be almost invaluable; but thirty-four instances afford a basis much too slight for any effective conclusions. It seems to me that a year and a-half was far too long a period to occupy in analysing and tabulating these thirty-four returns. Mr. Burnett pleads that "the department has been so much occupied with procuring statistics of money, wages, trades unions, strikes, and other matters that it has not been possible to do more." My reply is, then make the department stronger. I have some reason for believing that communications in this direction are now taking place between Sir M. Hicks-Beach and the Treasury, which I trust may be favourable; in any case it will be my duty to press this upon Parliament on its reassembling. The only paper yet presented to Parliament under heading No. 2 of the Board of Trade Memorandum was in 1888, C. 5,269, extracted from the report of a Royal Commission appointed in 1886 in Belgium to inquire as to the condition of Belgian workmen, their wages, and recent fluctuations in the industries in which they were engaged. Numerous miscellaneous notices have, however, from time to time, appeared in the monthly issues of the *Board of Trade Journal*. Such notices for 1886, 1887, and 1888 are catalogued in Parliamentary Paper 433, 1888, and form part of the official memorandum explaining the progress made by the

Board of Trade towards carrying out the resolution of the House of Commons of March 2nd, 1886. For 1889, and the present year, search must be made through the *Board of Trade Journal*, the recent numbers of which are richer in information than their predecessors. Surely on the back of one of Mr. Burnett's periodical trade union reports an index catalogue might be given to these and to all other official publications containing labour information within the scope of the Board of Trade Memorandum, drawn up by Mr. Giffen in August, 1886. Some of the consular and diplomatic reports contain matter of the very highest value alike to employer and employed, but it requires skilled guidance to know where to look for it. It should be part of the duty of the Labour Correspondent to regularly point out, for the benefit of workmen, where these important statements may be found. In merest justice to the Labour Statistical Department it should be mentioned that, in addition to the papers above referred to, there were published in 1887 a memorandum on the immigration of foreigners (No. 112) and a report on sweating in East London (No. 331); in 1888 there was a report on sweating in Leeds (C. 5,513), and also a report on the condition of nailmakers and small chainmakers (No. 385). Some applications were made across the floor of the House for a cheap issue of this last paper at one penny, but the real demand for it was so slight that, when I obtained the permission of the Board of Trade for anyone to reprint it who chose, no one could be found willing to take the risk. The return (C. 5,866) moved for by myself in 1889 as to the laws in Europe and America affecting the hours of adult labour, and the enforcement or otherwise of those laws, was laid on the table by the Foreign Office as a command paper. The return (No. 284, 1890) moved for by Mr. Provand, of the average number of hours and days worked in mines, was presented by the Home Office. I suggest that all labour information should go through the Labour Department of the Board of Trade.

The bulky volume issued by the Department of the Interior of the United States in 1886 (Vol. XX. of the tenth census), being a report on the statistics of wages in manufacturing industries, with supplementary reports on the average retail cost of the necessaries

of life, and on trade societies and strikes and lock-outs, shows what has been done in this direction in the Census Office at Washington. This census work is supplemented by the full annual reports made by the commissioners and chiefs of labour bureaus of the several States of Massachusetts, established 1869; Pennsylvania, 1872; Missouri, 1876; Ohio, 1877; New Jersey, 1878; Illinois, 1879; Indiana, 1880; New York, California, Michigan, and Wisconsin, all 1883; Iowa and Maryland, 1884; Kansas and Connecticut, 1885; North Carolina, Maine, Minnesota, Colorado, and Rhode Island, 1887. Similar bureaus have also been advocated in other States of the Union, but I have as yet no official information as to their establishment. A Federal Labour Bureau was established at Washington in 1885, under the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the father of the American labour statistical movement. That the independent statistical investigations of the various States may be as thorough and as wisely conducted as possible, the chiefs of the respective labour bureaus, besides continually corresponding, meet each year in national convention. The first such meeting was held at Columbus, Ohio, in 1883. From the report of the address delivered by Mr. C. D. Wright, president of the fifth annual convention held in 1887 at Madison, Wisconsin, I take a few words, weighty because of the high repute and long experience of the speaker. "I believe most emphatically," he said, "that the bureaus of statistics of labour can furnish the necessary elements for the solution of some of the great social and industrial problems that are pressing upon the people," and he added: "Nearly all the great questions which affect the people in their mutual relations must either be settled, or receive great primary aid in settlement, through statistical efforts. The European statistician, trained in the schools for his work, skilled by his experience for the very best accomplishments, has not yet devoted much attention to the line of investigations which are specifically the province of our bureaus. He has devoted himself to the movements of population, to the statistics of life; but he has not yet gone into the vital questions which grow out of the progress of industrial organisation; he has not had the facilities of Governmental protection and stimulation, nor has he had the benefit of the great intelligence of the masses which comes from free educational

custom. These give American bureaus of labour an advantage over Governmental bureaus of statistics of European States." Surely there is no reason why our Transatlantic cousins should keep this advantage over us. Surely employer and employed alike, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, will second any earnest effort to outvie the results obtained even in Massachusetts. I complain that at the Board of Trade the collection of labour statistics has been starved.

In December, 1888, Mr. Giffen officially stated that the provision for the department was insufficient, both as to junior and superior officers. I assert that it is insufficient still. Mr. Giffen in 1888 reported that the Labour Correspondent had served in other official capacities, which had much occupied his time. I submit that his whole time should be devoted to this department, and that he should have proper clerical assistance.

In an appendix to Mr. Giffen's 1888 memorandum, the Board of Trade added, as if with its approval, an extract from the views of Professor Richmond Smith, of Columbia College, New York, on the methods and principles to be applied in dealing with labour statistics in the census. As public opinion has not pressed, nay, has scarcely backed, the Board of Trade, so far as the general census of 1891 is concerned, and as the Board of Trade vote was taken this year after half-past one on a late August morning, in an almost empty House, I venture through these pages to appeal to politicians, without distinction of party, that the Labour Statistical Department of Great Britain may be sustained at least as efficiently as is the Labour Bureau of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Ignorance of facts and figures can be of no service to either capitalist or labourer, and as the Liverpool Trades Congress has directed its Parliamentary Committee to submit to the House of Commons more than one point of vital importance for the proper consideration of which such statistics must be helpful, I trust that this alone may give force to my appeal.

C. BRADLAUGH.

INDIAN CHILD MARRIAGES.

I.

WHEN Behramji Malabari was in England he came to me and asked me to lay before our Government the intolerable atrocities of infant betrothals, child marriages, and compulsory widowhood in India. I did not fail of my promise to do so, and with little delay I laid his statements before the chief of our Indian Department. I was assured by Lord Cross that he had already the whole subject before him.

I remember hearing the late Mr. Forster, speaking of the Arab Slave Trade in the Soudan, argue with great force of reason that the responsibility of England in Egypt is great because our duty is measured by our power. This is a moral axiom of great political weight. I remember, also, with what plausible sophistries our politicians used to put down, long ago, the fanaticism of missionaries who told the English Government that they were guilty of constructive idolatry in sending a guard of honour and in offering British broadcloth to Juggernaut. We were told that it would be political madness to interfere with the religious traditions of the native Indian races. They forgot that to interfere is one thing, and to share their religious solemnities is another. We shall, no doubt, be told now that to interfere with child marriage would be like distributing greased cartridges; that it would be an interference with religious traditions, and a danger to the public peace of India. To this I would answer, "Our power is the measure of our duty.'

But before we measure our duty let us once for all get rid of the false assumption that child marriage is a religious tradition, or in any way sanctioned by the Hindu religion. Behramji Malabari declares as follows: "Infant marriage is no part of the religious system of the Hindus. Far from having its root in religion, it is, according to the best scriptural authorities, an irreligious innovation." The origin of it is unknown, the date of its rise uncertain.

It is evidently secular in its nature, and is probably one of the domestic usages of the system of caste.

We are dealing, therefore, with no matter of conscience, but with only a social tradition contrary to the law of nature, which is universal and supreme.

An Indian judge of great eminence gave me examples in which he had inflicted punishment on culprits who pleaded social and inveterate custom against the laws of nature.

One of the earliest acts of Queen Victoria was to abolish slavery in India. It has no legal existence, and slaveholders have no rights which the slave has not. They are equal before the law.

The atrocity of the *suttee* is illegal both as suicide and murder.

These things the Imperial power has already done, as it was our duty to do.

What, then, is our duty as to the betrothal of infants who are incapable of consent?

What, again, as to the subsequent marriage which on the average takes place at the age of seven, and of thousands at an earlier age? Neither in these can there be voluntary and intelligent consent. Therefore there can be no marriage, because by the law of nature marriage is a voluntary and perpetual contract of which the contracting parties are the true ministers. It is an abuse of language as well as of moral and social life to call these marriages.

Moreover, infants have natural rights of which no parent can deprive them. The law of England protects the rights not only of infants, but of minors. Liberty to dispose of themselves is a right inherent in all. The law of England comes between parent and child whenever its natural rights are violated. What is just in England is just in Hindostan. Justice has not two weights or two measures. Neither has the British Empire.

And further, what is our duty as to the compulsory Widowhood to which even a child of seven may be doomed for life? This, too, is contrary to the law of nature which gives to every woman in widowhood the liberty to marry again. Such a privation of natural liberty is contrary to all justice, and to our whole Imperial law.

But there is something still more intolerable. We are at this moment actually recognising and enforcing a part of this abomin-

able system of child marriage. It seems incredible that the Indian Government should have admitted into its courts the English law of the "Restitution of Conjugal Rights" in cases where these miserable beings have attempted to escape from the hateful state into which they never consented to enter. To restore what rights? By what law of God or man? And how "conjugal" where no marriage exists?

I have not attempted to draw out the manifold and fatal consequences of this system, even at the ages of ten and twelve; nor of the compulsory widowhood in which the innocent are condemned to all but inevitable degradation. This needs no words a moment's serious thought is enough.

My purpose is to find what is in our power, that we may measure our duty.

First, we are able, and therefore bound, to repeal the enactment or practice, whatever it be, as to the restitution of conjugal rights.

Secondly, to declare that no betrothal or marriage is valid except by the free and intelligent consent of the parties; prohibiting parents, under penalty, to constrain or bind their children without their free consent.

Thirdly, to fix an age before which such consent is not recognised in law.

Fourthly, to declare that all widows have a natural and inalienable right, if they will, to marry again.

Other amendments of the existing laws are expedient, but these are necessary for the mere enforcement of the law of nature against intolerable social customs which destroy the moral life of society.

When Sir Bartle Frere was asked "by what right we hold India," he answered, "By the Divine right of good government." We have need, then, to lose no time in vindicating the law of nature and human liberty. The mind of India, as shown by the answers of many provinces to Lord Ripon, is turning towards us in this great moral reform. We have the power to do it, let some men say what they will. And if we have the power, then we are bound by duty.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

II.

IT is difficult to believe that among people educated in English habits of thought there can be any wide difference of opinion as to the evils of infant marriage as it now exists in India. Rukhmabai, whose knowledge of the subject is first-hand, has told part of what she knows of its miseries in a recent number of this REVIEW. It is unnecessary to dwell in any detail upon the results of forcing on little girls of ten the duties of wifehood and motherhood. Physical degeneracy of the race as well as of the individual, and moral degradation are among its most obvious consequences. It also brings with it a state of things, so far as the women are concerned, closely akin to slavery, and puts an absolute bar on any real progress in women's education. If anything more need be said, I will only remind the readers of this REVIEW that the very same offence which in England is punishable with penal servitude for life, in India is not punishable at all. The Legislature in England has thought it necessary, for the protection of English children, to treat certain offences against them with a severity only very slightly inferior to that reserved for murder; but no similar protection, and no legislative protection of any kind, is given to Indian children when they have once reached the age of ten years. In India a girl of less than twelve is not held competent to consent to the commission of any injury to herself, except that of the worst wrong of all; and if the offender is the husband, the question of the consent of the child-wife, if she is ten, does not come in at all. She is his property to treat as he chooses, *with or without her consent.*

And this wicked and cowardly delivering up of the weak and innocent to the strong and cruel is not a mere "paper" crime. Actual instances of ghastly horror are constantly taking place. When they lead to the death of the child victim they come before the courts and are reported in the Indian *Spectator* and in the

London *Times*. But we know, from the evidence of women doctors in India, that there are many cases which never come before the courts at all of physical ruin which just stops short of causing the death of the sufferer. Mrs. Mansell, M.D., of the North Indian Medical Mission, has spoken out on this subject, and has given instances, which she has come across in her own practice, of the frightful injuries which child-wives not infrequently suffer.

In face of these facts it is, as I said at the outset, impossible for people accustomed to English habits of thought to approve of infant marriage. But there are many, of whom Dr. Cornish and the London *Spectator* may be regarded as the spokesmen, who admit the evils of the system, but believe that the Government of India can and ought to do nothing to stop it by legislation. Those who adopt this line of argument usually draw a great distinction between such acts of the British Government in India as the prohibition of *suttee* and female infanticide, and an interference with the age of marriage or with enforced widowhood. The London *Spectator*, for instance, says (October 11th, 1890): "No doubt we have interfered more than once or twice in India with the strong hand, but then it has always been to prohibit practices condemned by the instinctive conscience of all humanity." The article then goes on to allude to the prohibition of widow-burning and female infanticide, and the immolation of human victims in some of the Indian religious celebrations. But the sentence I have quoted is illogical on the face of it. Widow-burning, female infanticide, the spitting and swinging of human beings in honour of the gods are practices strongly condemned by the instinctive conscience of men and women of Western civilisation, but they were not condemned by the instinctive conscience of the East. On the contrary, they were held to be acts of piety, the first and last in particular conferring a lustre of holiness on those who voluntarily submitted to the martyrdom. We forced our "instinctive conscience" on the instinctive conscience of India, because it was held that we could not sanction in one part of the Queen's dominions what was treated as murder in another part of them. And that is exactly the position of those who wish the Government to take action for the protection of the girl children of India. The group of crimes

which the English penal code places in point of gravity next to the crime of murder may be committed upon Indian children without involving any penalty at all. If we lack the courage and the necessary practical sagacity to deal with this state of things in the direction of reform we have lost the qualities of a governing race, and the sooner some other nation, with more backbone in it, can clear us out of India the better.

The advocates of doing nothing make much of the hostility or, at any rate, the inertia of the great masses of the Indian populations towards marriage reform. There has, however, been a very considerable amount of movement of opinion in India, bringing it much more than formerly into line with European thought on this subject. The measures of marriage reform already instituted in the native State of Rajputana may be quoted as evidence of this; and the example thus given is instructive in another way, which will be referred to presently. The writer of the series of articles which lately appeared in the *Times* on child marriage in India says that he has collected and compared the literature which grew up around the Hindoo Remarriage Act of 1856 with the opinions collected by Lord Dufferin when he contemplated a further step in 1885; and he states as the result of that comparison that "the advance in public opinion" which the more recent papers indicated "seemed rather to belong to two distant historical periods than to the same generation." There have been conferences and congresses on social reform in many parts of India. Hindoo as well as Parsee ladies are availing themselves of opportunities of education. Rukhmabai has successfully resisted, though the final decision of our courts was against her, being handed over to a brutal, ignorant, and squalid labourer, with whom she went through the form of marriage in her infancy. Ramabai, herself a high caste Hindoo widow, has resisted successfully the barbarous treatment to which Hindoo widows are usually subjected. She is a learned Pundita, and has travelled all over England and the United States to arouse the sympathies of English-speaking women for their Indian sisters. In the spring of this year the barbers of Bombay, assembled in public meeting, resolved to refuse to continue the practice of shaving the heads of Hindoo widows. It is said that they were incited to this course by Hindoo fathers of families, who

secretly desired reform, but did not dare to take the responsibility of initiating reform themselves.

No one, therefore, can maintain that there is no movement in India towards Western ideas on the subject of the position of women. The great mass is, no doubt, still inert or hostile to change; but we may learn from Sir Madhava Rao that to wait for reform until the majority of the population clamours for it is really a most unsuitable application of Western notions of representative government to a people absolutely unfitted for it. Sir Madhava Rao strongly advocates postponing the legal age of marriage, and states that the best method of securing reform is by legislation. He does not go as far as many others do in raising the age of marriage, but he goes some way, and has averred that "the great danger is lest the present generation should pass away in total inaction."* In December, 1889, and January, 1890, he addressed two memoranda on marriage reform, one to the Social Conference held in connection with the National Congress at Bombay, and one to the Shastris of Poona. In both these documents he advocates immediate legislative action. He says: "The educated community ought to get such a law passed (absolutely prohibiting marriage before ten) by making a strong application to the Legislature. It would be utterly hopeless to get the uneducated masses to consent to it because they are incapable of forming a correct judgment on so important a matter."

In Rajputana, to which reference was made just now, marriage reform, postponing marriage for girls till between the years of fourteen and twenty, was "forced on the people from without" by the Rajput princes, at the instance and instigation of the English Resident, Colonel Walter. If the English had been afraid of "imposing civilisation from without" they would have been far less beneficial to India than they have been, and *suttee*, slavery, and the immolation of human victims in religious rites would still be flourishing institutions.

* Unless my memory deceives me, Dr. Cornish quotes Sir Madhava Rao as an opponent of legislative action upon marriage reform in India. The consistency or inconsistency of Sir Madhava Rao in this matter is a subject which I hope will not long remain unexplained.

It is evident that the Government of India believe that the time has come for legislative reform in regard to infant marriage. It has been authoritatively announced in the *Times* that the Governor-General in Council is considering the subject with the view to legislation. Lord Cross referred to the infant marriage in this sense in a speech last August, at Hereford. The men who are responsible for the peace of India, as well as for the protection of the most helpless section of her people, have, therefore, screwed their courage to the sticking place and are preparing to act. Is it for us, in England, to increase their natural caution and cause it to degenerate into cowardice and inaction, or rather to support them, to the utmost of our small powers, by sympathy with all wise efforts in the direction of reform? There is but one answer to such a question.

We never should hold India, as we do, if we had not been a people who, like the old Greeks, "dared beyond their strength, and hazarded against their judgment, and in extremities were of excellent hope."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his superior way, has said that the influence of Englishwomen on Indian policy would "set Hindostan in flames." It is the task of responsible statesmen in India to carry out necessary reforms without setting Hindostan in flames. It may be a difficult task, and all courses of action may present some risks. Probably doing nothing may be the most dangerous of all. But it is the triumph of statecraft to achieve difficult tasks with the minimum cost, and a Government writes itself down incompetent and untrustworthy that leaves the weak to be destroyed by the strong, and the future mothers of the race to be sacrificed, physically and mentally, to one of the most pernicious customs that ever afflicted a nation.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF CRITICS.

"DOUBTLESS criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of man have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture." So wrote Longfellow many years ago, thinking, it may be, on "British Bards and Scotch Reviewers," or on the Jedburgh justice of Jeffrey. But we may question whether the poet did not unduly idealise the past (as is the custom of poets), and whether he did not unfairly asperse the present. With the general softening of manners, no doubt those of the critic have improved also. Surely, since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, "to criticise" in the ears of many, if not of most, has been synonymous with "to find fault." In Farquhar's *Inconstant*, now nearly two hundred years old, Petit says of a certain lady, "She's a critic, sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her."

The critics themselves are to blame for this misapprehension of their attitude. When Mr. Arthur Pendennis wrote reviews for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he settled the poet's claims as though he "were my lord on the bench and the author a miserable little suitor trembling before him." The critic of this sort acts not only as judge and jury, first finding the author guilty and then putting on the black cap to sentence him to the gallows, but he often volunteers as executioner also, laying on a round dozen lashes with his own hand, and with a hearty goodwill. We are told, for example, that Captain Shandon knew the crack of Warrington's whip and the cut his thong left. Bludyer went to work like a butcher and mangled his subject, but Warrington finished a man, laying "his cuts neat and regular straight down the back, and drawing blood every line."

Whenever I recall this picture I understand the protest of one of the most acute and subtle of American critics, who told me that he did not much mind what was said about his articles so long as they were not called "trenchant." Perhaps trenchant is the adjective which best defines what true criticism is not. True criticism, so Joubert tells us, "*est un exercice méthodique de discernment.*" It is an effort to understand and to explain. The true critic is no more an executioner than he is an assassin; he is rather a seer, sent forward to spy out the land, and most useful when he comes back bringing a good report and bearing a full cluster of grapes.

"*La critique sans bonté trouble le gout et empoisonne les saveurs,*" said Joubert again: unkindly criticism disturbs the taste and poisons the savour. No one of the great critics was unkindly. That Macaulay mercilessly flayed Montgomery is evidence, were any needed, that Macaulay was not one of the great critics. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife are not the critical apparatus, and they are not to be found in the armoury of Lessing and of Sainte-Beuve, of Matthew Arnold and of James Russell Lowell. It is only incidentally that these devout students of letters find fault. Though they may ban now and again, they come to bless. They chose their subjects, for the most part, because they loved these and were eager to praise them and to make plain to the world the reasons for their ardent affection. Whenever they might chance to see incompetence and pretension pushing to the front, they shrugged their shoulders, more often than not, and passed by on the other side silently:—and so best. Very rarely did they cross over to expose an impostor.

Lessing waged war upon theories of art, but he kept up no fight with individual authors. Sainte-Beuve sought to paint the portrait of the man as he was, warts and all; but he did not care for a sitter who was not worth the most loving art. Matthew Arnold was swift to find the joints in his opponent's armour; but there is hardly one of his essays in criticism which had not its exciting cause in his admiration for its subject. Mr. Lowell has not always hidden his scorn of a sham, and sometimes he has scourged it with a single sharp phrase. Generally, however, even the humbugs get off scot-free, for the true critic knows that time will attend to these fellows

and there is rarely any need to lend a hand. It was Bentley who said that no man was ever written down save by himself.

The late M. Edward Scherer once handled M. Emile Zola without gloves ; and M. Jules Lemaitre has made M. Georges Ohnet the target of his flashing wit. But each of these attacks attained notoriety from its unexpectedness. And what has been gained in either case? Since Scherer fell foul of him, M. Zola has written his strongest novel, *Germinal* (one of the most powerful tales of this century), and his rankest story, *La Terre* (one of the most offensive fictions in all the history of literature). M. Lemaitre's brilliant assault on M. Ohnet may well have excited pity for the wretched victim ; and damaging as it was, I doubt if its effect is as fatal as the gentler and more humorous criticism of M. Anatole France, in which the reader sees contempt slowly gaining the mastery over the honest critic's kindliness.

For all that he was a little prim in taste and a little acid in manner, Scherer had the gift of appreciation—the most precious possession of any critic. M. Lemaitre, despite his frank enjoyment of his own skill in fence, has a faculty of hearty admiration ; there are thirteen studies in the first series of his "Contemporains," and the dissection of the unfortunate M. Ohnet is the only one in which the critic does not handle his scalpel with loving care. To run amuck through the throng of one's fellow craftsmen is not a sign of sanity—on the contrary. Depreciation is cheaper than appreciation ; and criticism which is merely destructive is essentially inferior to criticism which is constructive. F. D. Maurice made the shrewd remark that the critics who take pleasure in cutting up mean books soon deteriorate themselves—subdued to that they work in. It may be needful once in a way to nail vermin to the barn-door as a warning ; and thus we may seek a reason for Macaulay's cruel treatment of Montgomery and M. Lemaitre's pitiless castigation of M. Ohnet. But in nine cases out of ten, or rather in ninety-nine out of a hundred, the attitude of the critic toward contemporary trash had best be one of absolute indifference, sure that time will sift out what is good and that time winnows with unerring taste.

The duty of the critic, therefore, is to help the reader to "get the best" ; in the old phrase of the dictionary-vendors—to choose it,

to understand it, to enjoy it. To choose it, first of all; so must the critic dwell with delighted insistence upon the best books, drawing attention afresh to the old and discovering the new with alert vision. Neglect is the proper portion of the worthless books of the hour, whatever may be their vogue for the week or the month. It cannot be declared too frequently that temporary popularity is no sure test of real merit—else were *Proverbial Philosophy*, the *Light of Asia*, and the *Epic of Hades* the foremost British poems since the decline of Robert Montgomery; else were the *Lamplighter* (does anyone read the *Lamplighter* nowadays, I wonder?), *Ben-Hur*, and *Mr. Barnes of New York* the typical American novels. No one can insist too often on the distinction between what is "good enough" for current consumption by a careless public, and what is really good, permanent, and secure. No one can declare with too much emphasis the difference between what is literature and what is not literature, nor the width of the gulf which separates them. A critic who has not an eye single to this distinction fails of his duty. Perhaps the best way to make this distinction plain to the reader is to persist in discussing what is vital and enduring, pointedly passing over what may happen to be accidentally popular.

Yet the critic mischooses who should shut himself up with the classics of all languages and in rapt contemplation of their beauties be blind to the best work of our own time. If criticism itself is to be seen of men, it must enter the arena and bear a hand in the combat. The books which have come down to us from our fathers and from our grandfathers are a blessed heritage, no doubt; but there are a few books of like value to be picked out of those which we of to-day shall pass along to our children and to our grandchildren. It may be even that some of our children are beginning already to set down in black and white their impressions of life, with a skill and with a truth which shall in due season make them classics also. Sainte-Beuve asserted that the real triumph of the critic was when the poets whose praises he had sounded and for whom he had fought grew in stature and surpassed themselves, keeping and more than keeping the magnificent promises which the critic, as their sponsor in baptism, had made for them. Beside the criticism of the classics, grave, learned, definitive, there is another more alert, said

Sainte-Beuve, more in touch with the spirit of the hour, more lightly equipped, it may be, and yet more willing to find answers for the questions of the day. This more vivacious criticism chooses its heroes and encompasses them about with its affection, using boldly the words "genius" and "glory," however much this may scandalise the lookers on :—

> "Nous tiendrons, pour lutter dans l'arène lyrique
> Toi la lance, moi les coursiers."

To few critics is it given to prophesy the lyric supremacy of a Victor Hugo (it is in a review of *Les Feuilles d'Automne* that Sainte-Beuve made this declaration of principles). A critic lacking the insight and the equipment of Sainte-Beuve may unduly despise an ugly duckling, or he may mistake a goose for a swan, only to wait in vain for his song. Indeed to set out of malice prepense to discover a genius is but a wild goose chase at best; and though the sport is pleasant for those who follow, it may be fatal to the chance fowl who is expected to lay a golden egg. Longfellow's assertion that "critics are sentinels in a grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author," may not be altogether acceptable, but it is at least the duty of the soldier to make sure of the papers of those who seek to enlist in the garrison.

"British criticism has always been more or less parochial," said Mr. Lowell, many years ago, before he had been American Minister at St. James's; "it cannot quite persuade itself that truth is of immortal essence, totally independent of all assistance from quarterly journals or the British army and navy." No doubt there had been a decided improvement in the temper of British criticism since this was written; it is less parochial than it was; and it is perhaps now one of its faults that it affects a cosmopolitanism to which it does not attain. But even now an American of literary taste is simply staggered—there is no other word for it—whenever he reads the weekly reviews of contemporary fiction in the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*, and the *Saturday Review*, and when he sees high praise bestowed on novels so poor that no American pirate imperils his salvation to reprint them. The

encomiums bestowed, for example, upon such tales as those which are written by the ladies who call themselves "Rita," and "The Duchess," and "The Authoress of *The House on the Marsh*" seem hopelessly uncritical. The writers of most of these reviews are sadly lacking in literary perception and in literary perspective. The readers of these reviews—if they had no other sources of information—would never suspect that the novel of England is no longer what it was once and that it is now inferior in art to the novel of France, of Spain, and of America. If the petty minnows are magnified thus, what lens will serve fitly to reproduce the lordly salmon or the stalwart tarpon? Those who praise the second-rate or the tenth-rate in terms appropriate only to the first-rate forget the first duty of the critic—which is to help the reader to choose the best.

And the second duty of the critic is like unto the first. It is to help the reader to understand the best. There is many a book which needs to be made plain to him who runs as he reads—and it is the running reader of these hurried years that the critic must needs address. There are not a few works of high merit (although none perhaps of the very highest) which gain by being explained, even as Philip expounded Esaias to the eunuch of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, getting up into his chariot and guiding him. Perhaps it is paradoxical to suggest that a book of the very highest class is perforce clear beyond all need of commentary or exposition; but it is indisputable that familiarity may blur the outline and use may wear away the sharp edges, until we no longer see the masterpiece as distinctly as we might, nor do we regard it with the same interest. Here, again, the critic finds his opportunity; he may show the perennial freshness of that which seemed for a while withered; and he may interpret again the meaning of the message an old book may bring to a new generation. Sometimes this message is valuable and yet invisible from the outside, like the political pamphlets which were smuggled into the France of the Second Empire concealed in the hollow plaster busts of Napoleon III., but ready to the hand that knew how to extract them adroitly at the proper time.

The third duty of the critic, after aiding the reader to choose the best and to understand it, is to help him to enjoy it. This is possible

only when the critic's own enjoyment is acute enough to be contagious. However well informed a critic may be, and however keen he may be, if he be not capable of the cordial admiration which warms the heart, his criticism is wanting. A critic whose enthusiasm is not catching lacks the power of disseminating his opinions. His judgment may be excellent, but his influence remains negative. One torch may light many a fire; and how far a little candle throws its beams! Perhaps the ability to take an intense delight in another man's work and the willingness to express this delight frankly and fully are two of the chief characteristics of the true critic; of a certainty they are the characteristics most frequently absent in the criticaster. Consider how Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold and Lowell have sung the praises of those whose poems delighted them. Note how Mr. Henry James and M. Jules Lemaitre are affected by the talent of M. Alphonse Daudet and of M. Guy de Maupassant.

Having done his duty to the reader, the critic has done his full duty to the author also. It is to the people at large that the critic is under obligations, not to any individual. As he cannot take cognisance of a work of art, literary or dramatic, plastic or pictorial, until after it is wholly complete, his opinion can be of little benefit to the author. A work of art is complete when it comes before the public, and the instances are very few indeed where an author has thought it worth while to modify the form in which it was first presented to the world. A work of science, on the other hand, depending partly on the exactness of the facts which it sets forth and on which it is founded, may gain from the suggested emendations of a critic. Many a history, many a law-book, many a scientific treatise has been bettered in successive editions by hints gleaned here and there from the reviews of experts. In the *Political Science Quarterly* of Columbia College and in the *English Historical Review* may be seen the model reviews of this kind, compact, and to the point, and with the signature of the expert duly appended as a guarantee of good faith.

But the work of art stands on a wholly different footing from the work of science; and the critics have no further duty towards the author, except, of course, to treat him fairly and to present him to the public if they deem him worthy of this honour. The novel

or the poem being done once for all, it is hardly possible for critics to be of any use to the novelist or to the poet personally. The artist of experience makes up his mind to this, and accepts criticism as something which has little or nothing to do with his work, but which may materially affect his position before the public. Thackeray, who understood the feelings and the failings of the literary man as no one else, has shown us Mr. Arthur Pendennis reading the newspaper notices of his novel, *Walter Lorraine*, and sending them home to his mother. "Their censure did not much affect him; for the good-natured young man was disposed to accept with considerable humility the dispraise of others. Nor did their praise elate him overmuch; for, like most honest persons, he had his own opinion about his own performance, and when a critic praised him in the wrong place, he was hurt rather than pleased by the compliment."

If I were to attempt to draw up Twelve Good Rules for Reviewers, I should begin with—

1. Form an honest opinion.
2. Express it honestly.

In other words, the first duty of a critic is to criticise. He would be bold who should dare to propose a code for critics, but I think that a few of the precepts here suggested are at least worthy of consideration.

3. Don't review a book which you cannot take seriously.

4. Don't review a book with which you are out of sympathy. That is to say, put yourself in the author's place and try to see his work from his point of view, which is sure to be a coign of vantage.

5. Stick to the text. Review the book before you, and not the book some other author might have written; *obiter dicta* are as valueless from the critic as from the judge. Don't go off on a tangent. And also don't go round in a circle. Say what you have to say, and stop. Don't go on writing about and about the subject and merely weaving garlands of flowers of rhetoric.

6. Beware of the Sham Sample, as Charles Reade called it. Make sure that the specimen bricks you select for quotation do not give a false impression of the *façade*, and not only of the elevation merely, but of the perspective and the ground-plan.

7. In reviewing a biography or a history, criticise the book before you, and don't write a parallel essay for which the volume you have in hand serves only as a peg.

8. In reviewing a work of fiction, don't give away the plot.

In the eyes of the novelist this is the unpardonable sin. And as it discounts the pleasure of the reader also, it is almost equally unkind to him.

9. Don't try to prove every successful author a plagiarist. It may be true that many a successful author has been a plagiarist, but no author ever succeeded because of his plagiary.

10. Don't break a butterfly on a wheel. If a book is not worth much, it is not worth reviewing.

11. Don't review a book as an east wind would review an apple tree—as it was once said Douglas Jerrold would do. Of what profit to anyone is mere bitterness and vexation of spirit?

12. Remember that the critic's duty is to the reader mainly and that it is to guide him not only to what is good but to what is best. Three parts of what is contemporary must be contemporary only.

Having in the past now and again fallen from grace myself and written criticism, I know that on such occasions these Twelve Good Rules would have been exceedingly helpful to me had I then possessed them, therefore I offer them now hopefully to my fellow critics. But I find myself in a state of humility (to which few critics are accustomed), and I doubt how far my good advice will be heeded. I remember that, after reporting the speech in which Poor Richard's maxims were all massed together, Franklin tells us that "thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—Servius. Æneid II., 501.

BOOK III.

Chapter III.

THE BED OF TORMENT.

IT was nightfall and Pharaoh sat at meat and Meriamun sat by him. The heart of Pharaoh was very heavy. He thought of that great army which now washed to and fro on the waters of the Sea of Weeds, of whose number he alone had lived to tell the tale. He thought also of the host of Apura who made a mock of him in the desert. But most of all he brooded on the tidings that the messenger had brought, tidings of the march of the barbarians and of the fleet of the Aquaiuasha that sailed on the eastern stream of Sihor. All that day he had sat in his council-chamber, and sent forth messengers east and north and south, bidding them gather the mercenaries from every town and in every city, men to make war against the foe; for here, in his white-walled city of Tanis, there were left but five thousand soldiers. And now, wearied with toil and war, he sat at meat, and as he sat bethought him of the man whom he had left to guard the Queen.

"Where, then, is the great Wanderer, he who wore the golden harness?" he asked presently.

"I have a tale to tell thee of the man," Meriamun answered slowly, "a tale which I have not told because of all the evil tidings that beat about our ears like sand in a desert-wind."

"Tell on," said Pharaoh.

Then she bent towards him, whispering in his ear.

As she whispered, the face of Pharaoh grew black as the night, and ere all the tale was done he sprang to his feet.

"By Amen and by Ptah," he cried, "here at least we have a foe whom we may conquer. Thou and I, Meriamun, my sister and my queen, are set as far each from each as the sky is set from the Temple top, and little of love is there between us. Yet I will wipe away this blot upon thy honour, which is also a blot upon mine own. Sleepless shall this Wanderer lie to-night, and sorry shall he go to-morrow, but to-morrow night he shall sleep indeed."

Thereupon he clapped his hands, summoning the Guard, and bade them pass to the dungeon where the Wanderer lay, and lead him thence to the place of punishment. He bade them also call the tormentors to make ready the instruments of their craft, and await him in the place of punishment.

Then he sat for awhile, drinking sullenly, till one came to tell him that all was prepared. Then Pharaoh rose.

"Comest thou with me?" he asked.

"Nay," said Meriamun, "I would not look upon the man again; and this I charge thee: go not down to him this night. Let him be bound upon the bed of torment, and let the tormentors give him food and wine, for so he shall die more hardly. Then let them light the fires at his head and at his feet and leave him till the dawn, alone in the place of torment. So he shall die a hundred deaths ere ever his death begins."

"As thou wilt," answered Pharaoh. "Mete out thine own punishment. To-morrow, when I have slept, I will look upon his torment." And he spoke to his servants as she desired.

The Wanderer lay on the bed of torment in the place of torment. They had taken the gag from his mouth and given him food and wine, as Pharaoh commanded. He ate and drank and his strength came back to him. Then they made fast his fetters, lit the braziers at his head and foot, and left him with mocking words.

He lay upon the bed of stone and groaned in the bitterness of his heart. This, then, was the end of his wanderings, and this the breast of the Golden Helen in whose arms Aphrodite had sworn that he should lie. Oh that he were tree again and stood face to face with his foes, his harness on his back! Nay, it might not be; no mortal strength could burst these fetters, not even the strength of Odysseus, Laertes' son. Where, now, were those Gods whom he had served? Should he never again hear the clarion cry of Pallas? Why, then, had he turned him from Pallas and worshipped at the shrine of the false Idalian Queen? Thus it was that she kept her oaths, thus she repaid her votary.

So he thought in the bitterness of his heart as he lay with closed eyes upon the bed of torment whence there was no escape, and groaned: "Would, Aphrodite, that I had never served thee, even for one little hour, then had my lot gone otherwise."

Now he opened his eyes and lo! a great glory rolled about the place of torment, and as he wondered at the glory, a voice spoke from its midst—the voice of Idalian Aphrodite:

"Blame me not, Odysseus," said the heavenly voice; "blame me not because thou art come to this pass. Thyself, son of Laertes, art to blame. What did I tell thee? Was it not that thou shouldst know the Golden Helen by the Red Star on her breast, the jewel whence fall the red drops fast, and by the Star alone. And did she not tell thee, also, that thou shouldst know her by the Star? Yet when one came to thee wearing no Star, but girdled with a Snake, my words were all forgotten, thy desires led thee whither thou wouldst not go. Thou wast blinded by desire and couldst not discern the false from the true. Beauty has many shapes, now it is that of Helen, now that of Meriamun; each sees it as he desires it. But the Star is yet the Star, and the Snake is yet the Snake, and he who, bewildered of his lusts, swears by the Snake when he should have sworn by the Star shall have the Snake for guerdon."

She ceased, and the Wanderer spoke, groaning bitterly:

"I have sinned, O Queen!" he said. "Is there, then, no forgiveness for my sin?"

"Yea, there is forgiveness, Odysseus, but first there is punishment. This is thy fate. Never now, in this space of life, shalt thou be the lord of the Golden

Helen. For thou hast sworn by the Snake, and his thou art, nor mayest thou reach the Star. Yet it still shines on. Through the mists of death it shall shine for thee, and when thou wakest again, behold, thine eyes shall see it fitfully.

"And now this for thy comfort. Here thou shalt not die, nor by torment, for thy death shall come to thee from the water as the dead Seer foretold; but ere thou diest, once more thou shalt look upon the Golden Helen and hear her words of love, and know her kiss, though thine she shall not be. And learn, that a great host marches upon the land of Khem, and with it sails a fleet of thine own people, the Achæans. Go down and meet them and take what comes, where the swords shine that smote Troy. And this fate is laid upon thee, that thou shalt do battle against thy own people, even against the sons of them by whose side thou didst fight beneath the walls of Ilios—and in that battle thou shalt find thy death—and in thy death, thou Wanderer, thou shalt find that which all men seek, the breast of the Immortal Helen. For though here on earth she seems to live eternally, it is but the Shadow of her beauty that men see—each as he desires it. In the halls of Death she dwells, and in the garden of Queen Persephone, and there she shall be won, for there no more is beauty guarded of those that stand 'twixt men and joy; and there no more shall the Snake seem as the Star, and sin have power to sever those that are one. Now make thy heart strong, Odysseus, and so do as thy wisdom tells thee. Farewell!"

Thus the Goddess spoke from the cloud of glory, and lo! she was gone. But the heart of the Wanderer was filled with joy because he knew that the Helen was not lost to him for ever, and he no more feared the death of shame.

. . . . . .

Now it was midnight and Pharaoh slept. But Meriamun the Queen slept not. She rose from her bed, wrapped herself in a dark cloak that hid her face, and, taking a lamp in her hand, glided through the empty halls till she came to a secret stair, down which she passed. There was a gate at the foot of the stairs and a guard slept by it. She pushed him with her foot. He awoke and sprang towards her, but she held a signet ring before his eyes, an old ring of great Queen Taia, whereon a Hathor worshipped the Sun. Then he bowed and opened the gate. She swept on through many passages, deep into the bowels of the earth, till she came to the door of a little chamber where a light shone. Men talked in the chamber and she listened to their talk. They spoke much and laughed gleefully. Then she entered and looked upon them. They were six in number, evil-eyed men of Ethiopia, and seated in a circle. In the centre of the circle lay the waxen image of a man, and they were cutting it with knives and searing it with needles of iron and pincers made red hot, and many instruments strange and dreadful to look upon. For these were the tormentors, and they spoke of and practised those pains that to-morrow they should wreak upon the Wanderer.

But Meriamun, who loved him, shivered as she looked, and muttered thus beneath her breath:

"This I promise you, black ministers of death, that in the same fashion ye shall die ere another night be sped."

Then she passed into the chamber, holding the signet on high, and the tormentors fell upon their faces before her Majesty. She passed between them, and as she went she stamped with her sandalled foot upon the waxen image and

brake it. On the further side of the chamber was another passage, and this she followed till she reached a door that stood ajar. Here she paused awhile, for from within the chamber there came a sound of singing, and the voice was the Wanderer's voice—and thus he sang :

Endure my heart ! Not long shalt thou endure
The shame, the smart ;
The good and ill are done ; the end is sure—
Endure my heart !
There stand two vessels by the golden throne
Of Zeus on high,
From these he scatters mirth and scatters moan,
To men that die.
And thou of many joys hast had thy share,
Thy perfect part ;
Battle and love, and evil things and fair—
Endure my heart !
Fight one last greatest battle under shield,
Wage that war well,
Then seek thy fellows in the shadowy field
Of Asphodel.
There is the knightly Hector ; there the men
Who fought for Troy,
Shall we not fight our battles o'er again,
Were that not joy ?
Though no sun shines beyond the dusky west,
Thy perfect part
There shalt thou have of the unbroken rest—
Endure my heart !

Meriamun heard and wondered at this man's hardihood, and the greatness of his heart who could sing thus as he lay upon the bed of torment. Now she pushed the door open silently and passed in. The place where she stood was dreadful. It was shaped as a lofty vault, and all the walls were painted with the torments of those who pass down to Set after living wickedly on earth. In the walls were great rings of bronze, and chains and fetters of bronze, wherein the bones of men yet hung. In the centre of the vault there was a bed of stone, on which the Wanderer was fastened with fetters. He was naked, save only for a waistcloth, and, at his head and feet, burned polished braziers that gave light to the vault and shone upon the instruments of torment. Beyond the further brazier grinned the cage of Sekhet, that is shaped like a woman, and the chains wherein the victim is set for the last torment by fire were hanging from the roof.

Meriamun passed stealthily behind the head of the Wanderer, who might not see her because of the straitness of his bonds. Yet it seemed to her that he heard somewhat, for he ceased from singing and turned his ear to hearken. She stood awhile in silence, looking on him she loved, who of all living men was the goodliest by far. Then at length he spoke craftily :

"Who art thou ?" he said. "If thou art of the number of the tormentors, begin thy work. I fear thee not, and no groan shall thy worst torment wring from these lips of mine. But I tell thee this, that ere I be three days dead the Gods shall revenge me terribly, both on thee and those who sent thee. With fire and

with sword they shall avenge me, for a great host gathers and draws nigh, a host of many nations gathered out of all lands, ay, and a fleet manned with the sons of my own people of the Achæans, terrible in war. They rush on like ravening wolves, and the land is black before them—but the land shall be stamped red behind their feet. Soon they shall give this city to the flames, the smoke of it shall go up to Heaven, and the fires shall be quenched at last in the blood of its children—ay, in thy blood—thou, who dost look on me."

Hearing these words Meriamun bent forward to look on the face of the speaker and see what was written there. And as she moved, her cloak slipped apart, showing the Snake's head with the eyes of flame that was set about her as a girdle. Fiercely they gleamed, and the semblance of them was faintly shown on the polished surface of the brazier wherein the fire burned at the Wanderer's feet. He saw it now, and knew who stood behind him.

"Say, Meriamun, the Queen—Pharaoh's dishonoured wife," he said, "say, wherefore art thou come to look upon thy work? Nay, stand not behind me, stand where I may see thee. Fear not, I am strongly bound, nor may I lift a hand against thee."

Then Meriamun, still speaking no word, but wondering much because he knew her ere his eyes fell upon her, passed round the bed of torment, and throwing down her cloak stood before him in her dark and Royal loveliness.

He looked upon her beauty, then spoke again:

"Say, wherefore art thou come hither, Meriamun? Surely, with my ears I heard thee swear that I had wronged thee. Wouldest thou, then, look on him who wronged thee, or art thou come, perchance, to watch my torments, while thy slaves tear limb from limb, and quench yon fires with my blood? Oh, thou evil woman, thou hast worked woe on me indeed, and perchance canst work more woe now that I lie helpless here. But this I tell thee, that thy torments shall outnumber mine as the stars outnumber the earth. For here and hereafter thou shalt be parched with such a thirst of love as never may be quenched, and in many another land, and in many another time, thou shalt endure thine agony afresh. Again, and yet again, thou shalt clasp and conquer; again, and yet again, thou shalt loose, and, in the moment of triumph, lose. By the Snake's head I swore my troth to thee, I, who should have sworn by the Star, and this I tell thee, Meriamun, that as the Star shall be my beacon through the ages, so through the ages shall the Snake encircle thee and be thy doom."

"Hold!" said Meriamun, "pour no more bitter words upon me, who am distraught of love, and was maddened by thy scorn. Wouldst thou, then, know why I am come hither? For this cause I am come, to save thee from thy doom. Hearken, the time is short. It is true—though how thou knowest it I may not guess—it is true that the barbarians march on Khem, and with them sails a fleet laden with the warriors of thine own people. This also is true: Pharaoh has returned alone, and all his host is swallowed in the Sea of Weeds. And I foolish that I am, I would save thee, Odysseus—thus. I will put it in the heart of Pharaoh to pardon thy great offence, and send thee forward against the foe—yes, I can do it. But this thou shalt swear to me—to be true to Pharaoh, and smite the barbarian host."

"That I will swear," said the Wanderer, "ay, and keep the oath, though it is hard to do battle on my kin. Is that all thy message, Meriamun?"

"Not quite all, Odysseus. One more thing must thou swear, or if thou swearest it not here, thou shalt surely die. Know this, she who in Khem is

named the Hathor, but who perchance has other names, hath put thee from her because last night thou wast wed to me."

"It may well be so," said the Wanderer.

"She hast put thee from her, and thou—thou art bound to me by that which cannot be undone, and by an oath that may not be broken: in whatever shape I walk, or whatever name I am known among men, still thou art bound to me, as I am bound to thee. This, then, thou shalt swear: that thou wilt tell nought of last night's tale to Pharaoh."

"That I swear," said the Wanderer.

"Also that if Pharaoh be gathered to Osiris, and she who is named the Hathor pass with him to the Underworld—then that thou wilt wed me, Meriamun, and be faithful to me for thy life days."

Now the crafty Odysseus took counsel with his heart, and bethought him of the words of the Goddess. He saw that it was in the mind of Meriamun to slay Pharaoh and the Helen. But he cared nothing for the fate of Pharaoh, and well knew that the Helen might not be harmed, and though she change eternally, wearing now this shape, and now that, yet she dies only when the race of men is dead—then to be gathered to the number of the Gods. This he knew also: that now he should go forth on his last wandering, for Death should come upon him from the wate Therefore he answered readily:

"That oath I swear also, Meriamun, and if I break it, may I perish in shame and for ever."

Now Meriamun heard, and knelt beside him, looking upon him with eyes of love.

"It is well, Odysseus: perchance ere long I shall claim thy oath. Oh, think not so ill of me: if I have sinned, I have sinned from love of thee. Long years ago, Odysseus, thy shadow fell upon my heart and I clasped its emptiness. Now thou art come, and I, who fed upon a shadow, saw thee in the flesh, and loved thee to my ruin. Then I came to win thee, and the Gods set another shape upon me—so thou sawest, and in that shape, the shape of her thou seekest—thou didst make me wife to thee. Perchance, she and I are *one*, Odysseus. At the least, not so readily had *I* forsaken thee. Oh, when thou didst stand in thy might holding those dogs at bay till the Sidonian knave cut thy bow-string!"

"What of him? Tell me, what of that Kurri? This would I ask thee Queen, that he be laid where I lie, and die the death to which I am doomed."

"Gladly would I give thee the boon," she answered, "but thou askest too late. The false Hathor looked upon him, and he slew himself. Now I must away—the night wanes and Pharaoh must dream dreams ere dawn. Fare thee well, Odysseus. Thy bed is hard to-night, but soft is the couch of kings that waits thee," and she went forth from him.

"Ay, thou evil woman," said the Wanderer, looking after her. "Hard is my bed to-night, and soft is the couch of the kings of men that waits me in the realms of Queen Persephone. But it is not thou who shalt share it. Hard is my bed to-night, harder shall thine be through all the nights of death that are to come when the Erinyes work their will on folk foresworn."

Chapter IV.

PHARAOH'S DREAM.

PHARAOH slept heavily in his chamber, for he was wearied with grief and toil. But Meriamun passed into the chamber, and, standing at the foot of the golden bed, lifted up her hands and by her art called visions down on Pharaoh, false dreams through the Ivory Gate. So Pharaoh dreamed, and thus his vision went:

He dreamed that he slept in his bed and that the statue of Ptah, the Creator, descended from the pedestal by the Temple gate and came to him, towering over him like a giant. Then he dreamed that he awoke, and prostrating himself before the God, asked the meaning of his coming. Thereon the God spoke to him:

"Meneptah, my son, whom I love, hearken unto me. The Nine-bow barbarians overrun the ancient land of Khem; nine nations march up against Khem and lay it waste. Hearken unto me, my son, and I will give thee victory. Awake, awake from sloth; and I will give thee victory. Thou shalt hew down the Nine-bow barbarians as a countryman hews a dying palm—they shall fall, and thou shalt spoil them. But hearken unto me, my son: thou shalt not thyself go up against them. Low in thy dungeon there lies a mighty chief, skilled in the warfare of the barbarians, a wanderer who hath wandered far. Thou shalt release him from his bonds and set him over thy armies, and of the sin that he hath sinned thou shalt take no heed. Awake, awake, Meneptah—with this bow which I give thee shalt thou smite the Nine-bow barbarians.

Then Meriamun laid the Bow of the Wanderer, even the black Bow of Eurytus, on the bed beside Pharaoh, and passed thence to her own chamber, and the deceitful dream, too, passed away.

Early in the morning a waiting-woman came to the Queen, saying that Pharaoh would speak with her. She went into the antechamber and found him there, and in his hand was the black Bow of Eurytus.

"Dost thou know this weapon?" he asked.

"Yea, I know it," she answered, "and thou shouldst know it also, for surely it saved us from the fury of the people on the night of the death of the firstborn. It is the Bow of the Wanderer, who lies in the place of torment and waits his doom because of the wrong he would have wrought upon me."

"If he hath wronged thee, yet it is he who shall save Khem from the barbarians," said the Pharaoh. "Listen now to the dream that I have dreamed," and he told her all the vision.

"It is indeed evil that he who would have wrought such wickedness upon me should go forth honoured, the first of the host of Pharaoh," quoth Meriamun. "Yet, as the God hath spoken, so let it be. Send now and bid them loose the man from the place of torment, and put his armour on him, and bring him before thee."

So Pharaoh went out, and the Wanderer was loosed from his bed of stone and clothed again in his golden harness and came forth glorious to see, and stood before Pharaoh, but no arms were given him. Then Pharaoh told him all his dream, and why he had caused him to be released from the grip of the tormentors. The Wanderer hearkened in silence, saying no word.

"Now choose, thou Wanderer," said Pharaoh, "choose if thou wilt be borne

back to the bed of torment, there to die beneath the hands of the tormentors, or if thou wilt go forth as the captain of my host to do battle with the Nine-bow barbarians who waste the land of Khem. It seems there is little faith in thine oaths, therefore I ask no more oaths from thee. But this I swear, that if thou art false to my trust I will yet find means to bring thee back to that chamber whence thou wast led but now."

Then the Wanderer spoke:

"Of that charge, Pharaoh, which is laid against me I will say nothing, though, perchance, if I stood upon my trial for the sin that is laid against me I might find words to say. Thou askest no oath from me, and no oath I swear, yet I tell thee that if thou givest me ten thousand soldiers and a hundred chariots, I will smite these foes of thine so that they shall come no more to Khem—ay, though they be of mine own people, yet will I smite them, and if I fail, then may those who go with me slay me and send me down to Hell."

Thus he spoke, and as he spoke searched the hall with his eyes. For he desired to see Rei the Priest and charge him with a message to Helen. But he sought him in vain, for Rei had fled and was in hiding from the anger of Meriamun.

Then Pharaoh bade his officers take the Wanderer and set him in a chariot and bear him to the city of On, where Pharaoh's host was gathering. Their charge was to watch him night and day with uplifted swords, and if he so much as turned his face from the foe towards Tanis, then they should slay him. But when the host of Pharaoh marched from On to do battle on the foe, then they should give the Wanderer his own sword and the great black Bow, and obey him in everything. But if he turned his back upon the foe, then they should slay him; or if the host of Pharaoh were driven back by the foe, then they should slay him.

The Wanderer heard, and smiled as a wolf smiles, but spoke no word. Thereon the great officers of Pharaoh took him and led him forth. They set him in a chariot, and with the chariot went a thousand horsemen—and soon Meriamun, watching from the walls of Tanis, saw the long line of desert dust that marked the passing of the Wanderer from Tanis, which he should see no more.

The Wanderer also looked back on Tanis, with a heavy heart. There, far away, he could see the shrine of the Hathor gleaming like a crystal above the tawny flood of Sihor. And he must go down to death, leaving no word for her who sat in the shrine and deemed him faithless and foresworn. Evil was the lot that the Gods had laid upon him, and bitter was his guerdon.

His thoughts were sad enough while the chariot rolled toward the city of On, where the host of Pharaoh was gathering, and the thunder of the feet of horses echoed in his ears, when, as he thought, it chanced that he looked up. There on a knoll of sand before him, a bow-shot from the chariot, stood a camel, and on the camel a man sat as though he waited the coming of the host. Idly the Wanderer wondered who this might be, and, as he wondered, the man urged the camel towards the chariot, and, halting before it, cried "Hold!" in a loud voice

"Who art thou," cried the captain of the chariot, "who darest cry 'Hold! to the host of Pharaoh?"

"I am one who has tidings of the barbarians," the man made answer from the camel.

The Wanderer looked on him. He was wondrous little, withered, and old

moreover, his skin was black as though with the heat of the sun, and his clothing was as a beggar's rags, though the trappings of the camel were of purple leather and bossed with silver. Again the Wanderer looked—he knew him not, and yet there was that in his face which seemed familiar.

Now the captain of the chariot bade the driver halt the horses, and cried: "Draw near and tell thy tidings."

"To none will I tell my tidings save to him who shall lead the host of Pharaoh. Let him come down from the chariot and speak with me."

"That may not be," said the captain, for he was charged that the Wanderer should have speech with none.

"As thou wilt," answered the aged man upon the camel. "Go then—go on to doom—thou art not the first who hath turned aside a messenger from the Gods."

"I am minded to bid the soldiers shoot thee with arrows," cried the captain, in anger.

"So shall my wisdom sink in the sand with my blood, and be lost with my breath. Shoot on, thou fool."

Now the captain was perplexed, for from the aspect of the man he deemed that he was sent by the Gods. He looked at the Wanderer, who took but little heed—or so it seemed. But in his crafty heart he knew that this was the best way to win speech with the man upon the camel. Then the captain took counsel with the captain of the horsemen, and in the end they said to the Wanderer:

"Descend from the chariot, my Lord, and walk twelve paces forward, and there hold speech with the man. But if thou goest one pace further forward, then we will shoot thee and the man with arrows." And this he cried out also to him who sat upon the camel.

Then the man on the camel descended and walked twelve paces forward, and the Wanderer descended also from the chariot and walked twelve paces forward, but as one who heeds little what he does. Now the two stood face to face, but out of earshot of the multitude who watched them with arrows set upon the strings.

"Greeting, Odysseus of Ithaca, son of Laertes," he said who was clothed in the beggar's weeds.

The Wanderer looked upon him hard and knew him through his disguise.

"Greeting, Rei the Priest, Commander of the Legion of Amen, Chief of the Treasury of Amen."

"Rei the Priest, I am indeed," he answered; "the rest I am no more, for Meriamun the Queen has stripped me of my wealth and offices, because of thee, thou Wanderer, and the Immortal whose love thou hast won, and by whom thou hast dealt so ill. Hearken, I learned by arts known to me of the dream of Pharaoh, and of thy sending forth to do battle with the barbarians. Then I disguised myself as thou seest, and took the swiftest camel in Tanis, and am come hither by another way to meet thee. Now I would ask thee one thing. How came it that thou didst play the Immortal false that night? Knowest thou that she waited for thee there by the pylon gate? Ay, there I found her and led her to the Palace, and for that I am stripped of my rank and goods by Meriamun; and now the Lady of Beauty is returned to her shrine, grieving bitterly for thy faithlessness, though how she passed thither I know not."

"Methought I heard her voice as those knaves bore me to my dungeon," said the Wanderer. "And she deemed me faithless! Say, Rei, dost thou

know the magic of Meriamun? Dost thou know how she won me to herself in the shape of Argive Helen?"

And then, in as few words as might be, he told Rei all—how he had been led away by the magic of Meriamun, how he who should have sworn by the Star had sworn by the Snake.

When Rei heard that the Wanderer had sworn by the Snake he shuddered. "Now I know all," he said. "Fear not, thou Wanderer; not on thee shall all the evil fall, not on that Immortal whom thou dost love; the Snake that beguiled thee shall avenge thee also."

"Rei," the Wanderer said, "one thing I charge thee. I know that I go down to my death. Therefore I pray thee seek out her whom thou namest the Hathor and tell her all the tale of how I was betrayed. So shall I die happily. Tell her also that I crave her forgiveness, and that I love her and her only."

"This I will do, if I may," Rei answered. "And now the soldiers murmur and I must be gone. Listen, the might of the Nine-bow barbarians rolls up the eastern branch of Sihor. But one day's march from On the mountains run down to the edge of the river, and those mountains are pierced by a rocky pass through which the foe will surely come. Set thou thy ambush there, Wanderer, there at Prosopis—so shalt thou smite them. Farewell. I will seek out the Hathor if in any way I can come at her and tell her all. But of this I warn thee: the hour is big with Fate, and soon will spawn a monstrous birth. Strange visions of doom and death passed before mine eyes as I slept last night. Farewell!!!"

Then he went back to the camel and climbed it, and passing round the army vanished swiftly in a cloud of dust.

The Wanderer also went back to his chariot, where the captains murmured because of the halt, and mounted it. But he would tell nothing of what the man had said to him save that he was surely a messenger from the Underworld to instruct him in the waging of the war.

Then the chariot and the horsemen passed on again, till at nightfall they came to the city of On and found the host of Pharaoh gathering in the great space that is before the Temple.

Chapter V.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

When Meriamun the Queen had watched the chariot of the Wanderer till it was lost in the dust of the desert, she passed down from the Palace roof to the solitude of her chamber.

Here she sat in her chamber till the darkness gathered, as the evil thoughts gathered in her heart that was rent with love of him whom she had won but to lose. Things had gone ill with her. To little purpose she had sinned after such a fashion as may not be forgiven. Yet there was hope. He had sworn that he would wed her when Pharaoh was dead, and when Argive Helen had followed Pharaoh to the Shades. Should she shrink, then, from the deed of blood? Nay, from evil to evil she would go. She laid her hand upon the double-headed Snake that wound her about and spake into the gloom:

"Osiris waits thee, Meneptah, Osiris waits thee. The Shades of those who have died for thy love, Helen, are gathering at the gates. It shall be done. Pharaoh, thou diest to-night. To-morrow night, thou Goddess Helen, shall all thy tale be told. *Man* may not harm thee, indeed, but shall Fire refuse to kiss thy loveliness? Are there no *women's* hands to light thy funeral pile?"

Then she rose, and calling her women, was attired in her most splendid robes, and caused the uraeus crown to be set upon her head, the snake circlet of power on her brow, the Snake-girdle of wisdom at her heart. And now she hid somewhat in her breast and passed to the antechamber where the Princes gathered for the feast.

Pharaoh looked up and saw her loveliness. So glorious she seemed in her Royal beauty that his heart forgot its woes, and once again he loved her as he had done in years gone by when she conquered him at the game of Pieces, and he had cast his arms about her and she had stabbed him.

She saw the look of love grow on his heavy face, and all her gathered hate rose in her heart, though she smiled gently with her lips and spake him fair.

They sat at the feast and Pharaoh drank. And ever as he drank she smiled upon him with her dark eyes and spake him words of gentlest meaning, till at length there was no thing he desired more than that they should be at one again.

Now the feast was done. They sat in the antechamber, for all were gone save Meneptah and Meriamun. Then he came to her and took her, and looked into her eyes, nor did she say him nay.

There was a lute lying on a golden table, and there, too, as it chanced, was a board for the game of Pieces, with the dice and the pieces themselves wrought in gold.

Pharaoh took up the gold king from the board and toyed with it in his hand. "Meriamun," he said, "for these five years we have been apart, thou and I. Thy love I have lost, as a game is lost for one false move, or one throw of the dice. And our child is dead and our armies are scattered, and the barbarians come like the flies when Sihor stirs within his banks. Love only is left to us, Meriamun."

She looked at him not unkindly, as if sorrow and wrong had softened her heart also, but she did not speak.

"Can dead Love waken, Meriamun, and can angry Love forgive?"

She had lifted the lute and her fingers touched listlessly on the chords.

"Nay, I know not," she said, "who knows? How did Pentaur sing of Love's renewal—Pentaur, the glorious minstrel of thy father, Rameses Miamun?"

He laid the gold king on the board, and began listlessly casting the dice. He threw the "Hathor," as it chanced, the lucky cast, two sixes, and a thought of better fortune came to him.

"How did the song run, Meriamun? It is many a year since I heard thee sing."

She touched the lute lowly and sweetly, and then she sang. Her thoughts were of the Wanderer, but the King deemed that she thought of himself.

O Joy of Love's renewing,
  Could Love be born again,
Relenting for thy ruing,
  And pitying my pain;

O Joy of Love's awaking,
  Could Love arise from sleep,
Forgiving our forsaking,
  The fields we would not reap!

Fleet, fleet we fly, pursuing
  The Love that fled amain,
But will he list our wooing,
  Or call we but in vain?

Ah! vain is all our wooing,
  And all our prayers are vain,
Love listeth not our suing,
  Love will not wake again.

"Will he not wake again?" said Pharaoh; "if two pray together will Love refuse their prayer?"

"It might be so," she said, "if two prayed together, for if they prayed he would have heard already!"

"Meriamun," said the Pharaoh eagerly, for he thought her heart was moved by pity and sorrow, "once thou didst win my crown at the Pieces, wilt thou play me for thy love?"

She thought for one moment and then she said:

"Yes, I will play thee, my Lord, but my hand has lost its cunning, and it may well be that Meriamun shall lose again, as she has lost all. Let me set the pieces, and bring wine for my Lord."

She set the pieces, and, crossing the room, she lifted a great cup of wine, and put it by Pharaoh's hand. But he was so intent upon the game that he did not drink.

He took the field, he moved, she replied, and so the game went between them, in the dark fragrant chamber where the lamp burned, and the Queen's eyes shone in the night. This way and that went the game, till she lost, and he swept the board.

Then in triumph he drained the poisoned cup of wine, and cried, "Pharaoh is dead!"

"Pharaoh is dead," answered Meriamun, gazing into his eyes.

"What is that look in thine eyes, Meriamun, what is that look in thine eyes?"

And the King grew pale as the dead, for he had seen that look before—when Meriamun slew Hataska.

"*Pharaoh is dead*," she shrilled in the voice of the women who wail the dirges. "Pharaoh, great Pharaoh is dead! Ere a man may count a hundred thy days are numbered. Strange! but to-morrow, Meneptah, shalt thou sit where Hataska sat, dead on the knees of Death—on the knees of Osiris. Die, Pharaoh, die! But while thou diest hearken. There is one I love, the Wanderer who leads thy hosts. His love I stole by arts known to me, and because I stole it he would have shamed me, and I accused him falsely in the ears of men. But he comes again, and, so sure as thou shalt sit on the knees of Osiris, so surely shall he sit upon thy throne, Pharaoh. For Pharaoh is dead!"

He heard. He gathered his last strength. He rose and staggered towards her, striking at the air. Slowly she drew away, while he followed her, awful to see. At length he stood still, he threw up his hands, and fell dead.

Then Meriamun drew near and looked at him strangely

"Behold the end of Pharaoh," she said. "That then was a king upon whose breath the lives of peoples hung like a poised feather. Well, let him go! Earth can spare him, and Death is but the richer by a weary fool. 'Tis done, and well done! Would that to-morrow's task were also done, and that Helen lay where Pharaoh lies. So—rinse the cup and now to sleep, if sleep will come. Ah—where hath sleep flown of late? To-morrow they'll find him dead. Well, what of it? So do kings ofttimes die. There, I will be going; never were his eyes so large and so unlovely."

Now the light of morning gathered again on all the Temple tops, and men rose from sleep to go about their labours. Meriamun watched it grow as she lay sleepless in her golden bed, waiting for the cry that presently should ring along the Palace walls. Hark! What was that? The sound of swinging doors, the rush of running feet. And now it came—long and shrill it rose:

"Pharaoh is dead! Awake! Awake, ye sleepers! Awake, awake! and look upon that which has come about. Pharaoh is dead! Pharaoh is dead!"

Then Meriamun arose and, followed by the ladies, rushed from her chamber.

"Who dreams so evilly?" she cried. "Who dreams and cries aloud in his haunted sleep?"

"O Queen, it is no dream," said one. "Pass into the antechamber and see. There lies Pharaoh dead, and there is no wound on him to tell the manner of his end."

Then Meriamun cried aloud with a great cry, and threw her hair about her face while tears fell from her dark eyes. She passed into the chamber and there, fallen on his back and cold, lay Pharaoh in his Royal robes.

Awhile the Queen looked upon him as one who is dumb with grief. Then she lifted up her voice and cried:

"Still is the curse heavy upon Khem and the people of Khem. Pharaoh lies dead—yea, he is dead who has no wound, and this I say, that he is slain of he witchcraft of her whom men name the Hathor. Oh, my Lord, my Lord!" and kneeling she laid her hand upon his breast. "By this dead heart of thine I swear that I will wreak thy murder on her who wrought it. Lift him up! Lift up this poor clay, who was the first of kings. Clothe him in the robes of death and set him on the knees of Osiris, in the temple of Osiris. Then go forth through the city and call out this, the Queen's command—call it out from street to street.

This is the Queen's command: that 'Every woman in Tanis who has lost son, or husband, or brother, or kin, or lover, through the witchcraft of the false Hathor, or by the plagues that she hath wrought on Khem, or in the war with the Apura, whom she caused to fly from Khem, do meet me at sun-down in the temple of Osiris, before the face of the God and of dead Pharaoh's Majesty.'"

So they took him, and wrapping him in the robes of death bore him to the knees of Osiris, where he should sit a day and a night. And the messengers of Meriamun went forth summoning the women of the city to meet her at sunset in the temple of Osiris. Moreover, Meriamun sent out slaves by tens and by twenties to the number of two thousand, bidding them gather up all the wood that was in Tanis, and all the oil and the bitumen and bundles of reeds by hundreds, such as are used for the thatching of houses, and lay them in a pile in a certain courtyard near the temple of Hathor. This they did, and so the day wore on while women wailed about the streets because of the death of Pharaoh.

. . . . . .

Now it chanced that the camel of Rei the Priest fell down from weariness as it journeyed swiftly back to Tanis. But Rei sped forward on foot and came to the gates of Tanis sorely wearied, towards the evening of that day. When he heard the wailing of the women, he asked of a passer-by what new evil had fallen upon Khem, and learned the death of Pharaoh. Then Rei knew by whose hand Pharaoh was dead, and was grieved at heart, because she whom he had served and loved—Meriamun, the moon-child—was a murderess. At first he was minded to go up before the Queen and put her to an open shame and then take his death at her hands. But when he heard that Meriamun had summoned all the women of Tanis to meet her in the temple of Osiris, he had another thought. Hurrying to that place where he hid in the city, he ate and drank Then he put off his beggar's rags, and robed himself afresh, and over all drew the garment of an aged crone, for this was told him, that no man should be suffered to enter the temple. Now the day was dying, and already the Western sky was red, and he hurried forth and mingled with the stream of women who passed towards the temple gates.

"Who, then, slew Pharaoh?" asked one, "and why does the Queen summon us to meet her?"

"Pharaoh is slain by the witchcraft of the false Hathor," answered another, "and the Queen summons us that we may take counsel how to be rid of the Hathor."

"Tell not of the accursed Hathor," said a third; "my husband and my brother are dead at her hands, and my son died in the death of the firstborn that she called down on Khem. Ah, if I could but see her rent limb from limb I should seek Osiris happily."

"Some there be," quoth a fourth, "who say that not the Hathor, but the Gods of those Apura brought the woes on Khem; and some that Pharaoh was slain by the Queen's own hand, because of the love she bears to that great Wanderer who came here a while ago."

"Thou fool," answered the first; "how can the Queen love one who would have wrought outrage on her?"

"Such things have been," said the fourth woman; "perchance, he wrought no outrage; perchance, she beguiled him as women may. Yes, yes, such things have been. I am old and I have seen such things."

"Yea, thou art old," said the first. "Thou hast no child, no husband, no father, no lover, and no brother. Thou hast lost none who are dear to thee through the magic of the Hathor. Speak one more such slander on the Queen and we will fall upon thee and tear thy lying tongue from its roots."

"Hush," said the second woman, "here are the temple gates. By Isis, did any ever see such a multitude of women, and never a man to cheer them—a dreary sight, indeed! Come, push on, push on, or we shall find no place. Yea, thou soldier, we are women, all women, have no fear. No need to bare our breasts—look at our eyes, blind with weeping over the dead. Push on! push on!"

So they passed by the guards and into the gates of the temple, and with them went Rei unheeded. Already it was well-nigh filled with women although the sun was not yet dead. Torches were set about to lighten the gloom, and by them Rei saw that the curtains before the shrine were drawn. Presently the temple was full to overflowing, the doors were shut and barred, and a voice from beyond the curtain cried "*Silence!*"

Then all the multitude of women were silent, and the light of the torches flared strangely upon their shifting, upturned faces, as fires flare over the white sea-foam. Now the curtains of the Shrine of Osiris were slowly drawn aside and the light that burned upon the altar streamed out between them. It fell upon the foremost ranks of women, it fell upon the polished statue of the Osiris. On the knees of Osiris sat the body of Pharaoh Meneptah, his head resting against the breast of the God. Pharaoh was wrapped about with winding cloths like the marble statue of the God, and in his cold hands were bound the crook, the sceptre, and the scourge—as the crook, the sceptre, and the scourge were placed in the hands of the effigy of the God. As was the statue of the God, so was the body of Pharaoh that sat upon his knees, and cold and awful was the face of Osiris, and cold and awful was the face of Meneptah the Osirian

At the side, and somewhat in front of the statue of the God, a throne was placed, of blackest marble—and on the throne sat Meriamun the Queen. She was glorious to look on. She wore the Royal robes of Khem; the double crown of Khem, fashioned of gold, and wreathed with the uraeus snakes, was set upon her head; in her hand was the crystal cross of Life, and between her mantle's purple folds gleamed the eyes of her Snake-girdle.

She sat awhile in silence, speaking no word, and all the women wondered at her glory and at dead Pharaoh's awfulness. Then at length she spoke, low indeed, but so clearly that every word reached the limits of the temple hall.

"Women of Tanis, hear me, the Queen. Let each search the face of each, and if there be any man among your multitude let him be dragged forth and torn limb from limb, for in this matter no man may hear our counsels, lest following his madness, he betray them."

Now every woman looked upon her neighbour, and she who was next to Rei looked hard upon him so that he trembled for his life; but he crouched into the shadow and stared back on her boldly as though he doubted if she were indeed a woman, and she said no word. When all had looked, and no man had been found, Meriamun spoke again:

"Hearken, women of Tanis, hearken to your sister and your Queen. Woe upon woe is fallen on the head of Khem. Plague upon plague hath smitten the ancient land. Our firstborn are dead, our slaves have spoiled us and fled away,

our hosts have been swallowed in the Sea of Weeds, and barbarians swarm along our shores like locusts. Is it not so, women of Tanis?"

"It is so, O Queen!" they answered as with one voice.

"A strange evil hath fallen on the head of Khem. A false Goddess is come to dwell within the land, her sorceries are great in the land. Month by month men go up to look upon her deadly beauty, and month by month they are slain of her sorceries. She takes the husband from his marriage bed, she draws the lover from her who waits to be a bride, the slave flies to her from the household of his lord, the priests flock to her from the altars of the Gods, ay, the very priests of Isis flock forsworn from the altars of Isis. All look upon her witch-beauty, and to each she shows an altered loveliness, and to all she gives one guerdon--Death! Is it not so, women of Tanis?"

"Alas! alas! it is so, O Queen," answered the women as with one voice.

"Woes are fallen on you and Khem, my sisters, but on me most of all are woes fallen. My people have been slain; my land—the land I love—has been laid waste with plagues; my child, the only one, is dead in the great death—hands have been laid on me, the Queen of Khem. Think on it, ye who are women! My slaves are fled, my armies have been swallowed in the sea, and last, O! my sisters, my consort, my beloved Lord, mighty Pharaoh, son of great Rameses Miamun, hath been taken from me. Look! look! ye who are wives, look on him who was your King and my most beloved Lord. There he sits, and all my tears and all my prayers may not summon one single answering sigh from that stilled heart. The curse hath fallen on him also. He, too, hath been smitten silently with everlasting silence. Look! look! ye who are wives, and weep with me ye who are left widowed."

Now the women looked, and a great groan went up from all that multitude, while Meriamun hid her face in the hollow of her hand. Then again she spoke:

"I have besought the Gods, my sisters, I have dared to call down the majesty of the Gods, who speak through the lips of the dead, and I have learned whence these woes come. And this I have won by my prayers, that ye who suffer as I suffer shall learn whence they come, not from my mortal lips, indeed, but from the lips of the dead that speak with the voice of the Gods."

Then, while the women trembled, she turned to the body of Pharaoh, which was set upon the knees of Osiris, and spoke to it:

"Dead Pharaoh! Great Osirian ruling in the Underworld, hearken to me now! Hearken to me now, thou Osiris, Lord of the West, first of the hosts of Death. Hearken to me, Osiris, and be manifest through the lips of him who was great on earth. Speak through his cold lips, speak with mortal accents, that these people may hear and understand. By the Spirit that is in me, who am yet a dweller on the earth, I charge thee speak. Who is the source of the woes of Khem? Say, Lord of the Dead, who are the living evermore?"

Now the flame on the altar died away, and dreadful silence fell upon the temple, gloom fell upon the shrine, and through the gloom the golden crown of Meriamun and the cold statue of the Osiris and the white face of dead Meneptah gleamed faint and ghostlike.

Then suddenly the flame of the altar flared as flares the summer lightning. It flared full on the face of the dead, and lo! the lips of the dead moved, and from them came the sound of mortal speech. They spake in awful accents, and thus they spoke: